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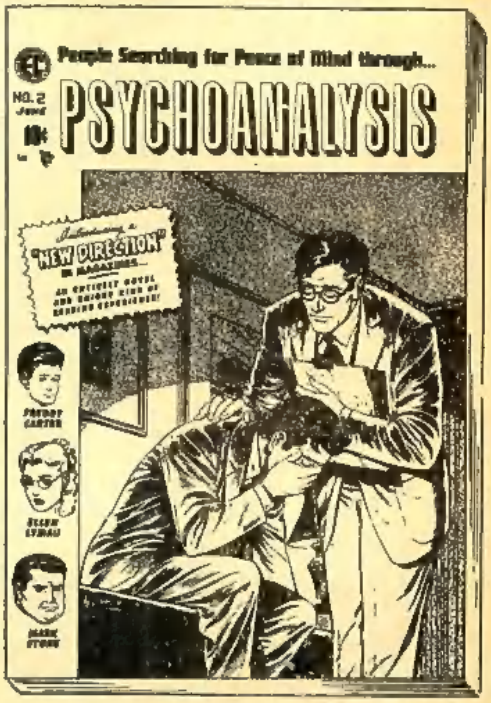

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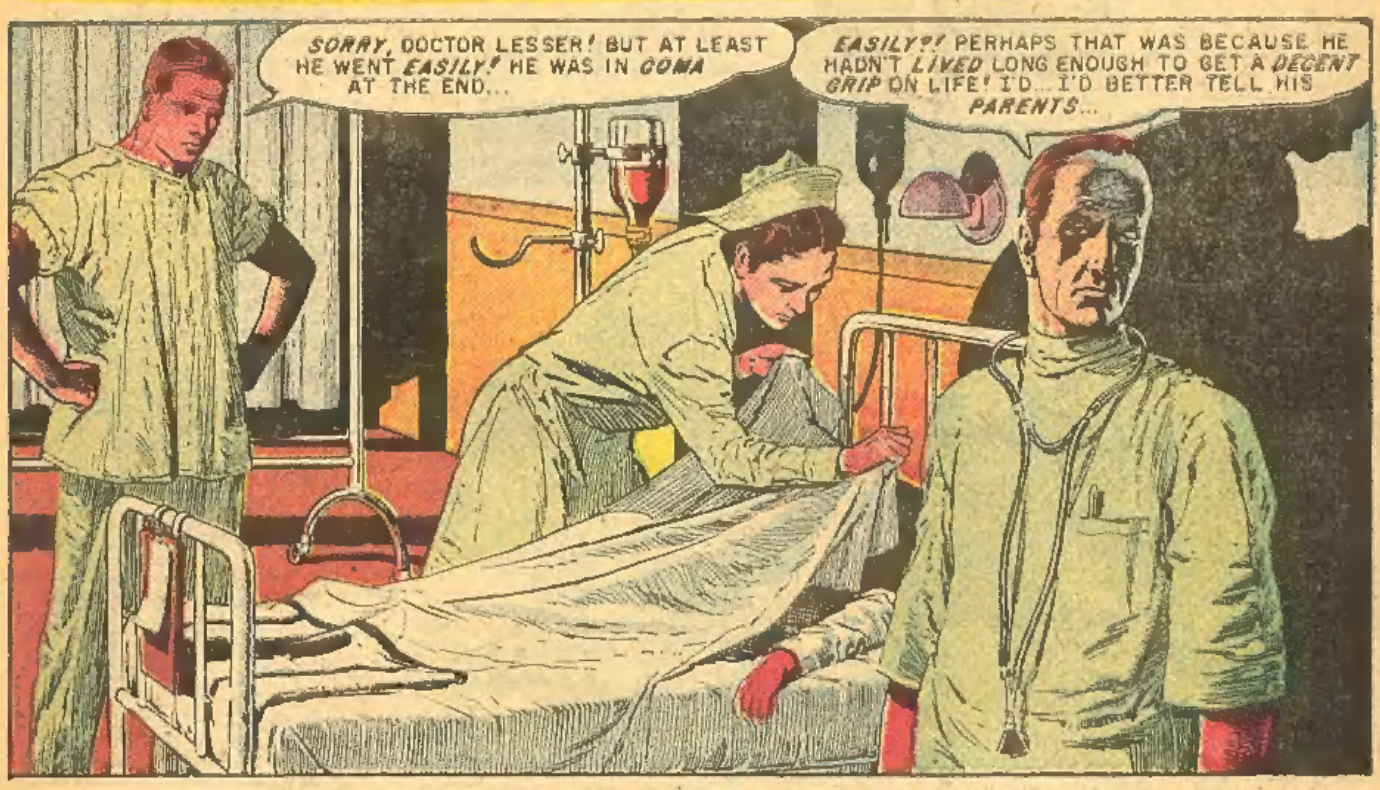
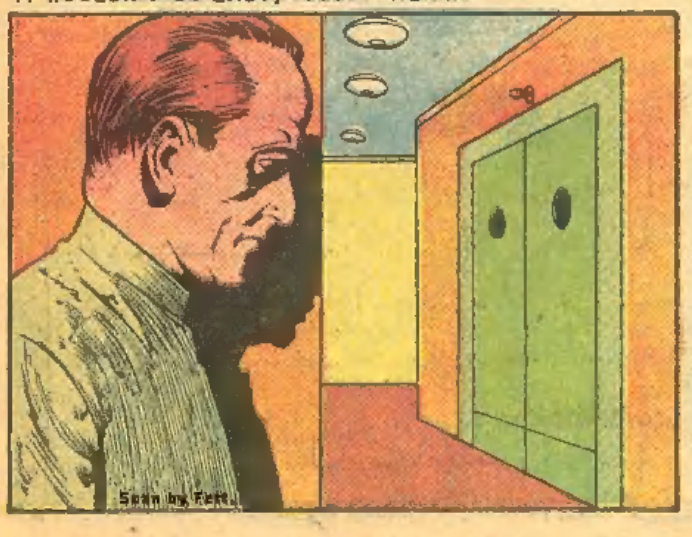
THE BALANCE

DIAGNOSIS: *Leukemia* PROCEDURE: *Cortisone and Whole Blood*

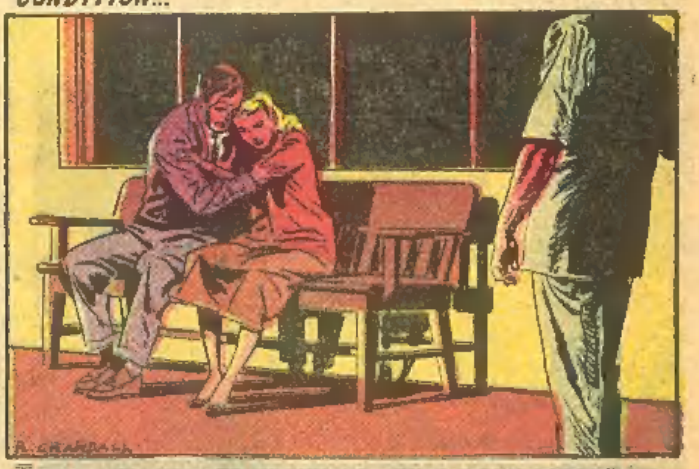
THE WARD WAS LIKE A TOMB...SILENT...WITH LONG SHADOWS CLIMBING THE BARE STERILE WALLS. IT WAS ALL SO FAMILIAR TO MORTON LESSER, M.D. *PAIN...DEATH*...HE SAW THESE THINGS EVERY DAY! BUT STILL, THE FIGURE ON THE HOSPITAL BED WAS SO *SMALL!* PERHAPS THERE WAS A *PATTERN*...A *REASON* FOR THINGS LIKE THIS. BUT IF THERE *WAS*, IT WAS *BEYOND HIM!*



THE BOY HAD BEEN SO YOUNG! IT SEEMED SUCH A PITY! BUT NOW THERE WAS THE BOY'S *MOTHER* TO CONSIDER. IT WOULDN'T BE *EASY*, TELLING *HER*...



SHE'D TAKE IT *HARD*. *NATURALLY*. AND IN *HER CONDITION*...



THEY SAT HUDDLED TOGETHER...THE BOY'S PARENTS... WAITING. AND THE WOMAN WAS SO FRAIL. *THAT* WAS HOW EVERYTHING HAD BEGUN...BECAUSE OF HER *FRAILTY*...

DOCTOR LESSER COULD STILL SEE THE SMALL, NEAT APARTMENT THAT DAY HE'D STOPPED BY TO SEE HER. SHE'D COME DOWN WITH A BAD COLD AND HER HUSBAND HAD CALLED...

THIS *PRESCRIPTION* SHOULD TAKE CARE OF THAT *COUGH*, MRS. EDWARDS...

STAY IN *BED* FOR A DAY OR TWO AND TRY NOT TO COUGH *TOO HARD!* A WOMAN HAS TO TAKE CARE OF HERSELF WHEN SHE'S WELL ON HER WAY TOWARD HAVING A BABY!

A BABY *GIRL*, DOCTOR...

YOU'RE *STILL* PRETTY CERTAIN IT WILL *BE* A GIRL, EH?

CERTAIN?! WHY I'VE EVEN *PROMISED* BOBBY A BABY SISTER! AND *SPEAKING* OF THE BOY, DOCTOR... WOULD YOU *LOOK* AT *HIM* WHILE YOU'RE HERE?

THEY'D BEEN A FINE COUPLE, THE EDWARDS... YOUNG... IN LOVE. THEY'D HAD SO MUCH TO LOOK FORWARD TO. DOCTOR LESSER SHOOK HIS HEAD. NO! WHAT HAD HAPPENED MADE *NO SENSE AT ALL*...

AT FIRST, DOCTOR LESSER HAD NOT BEEN CERTAIN. YET THE *SIGNS* HAD ALL BEEN THERE... *WEIGHT LOSS*... *WEAKNESS*... AND THE *OTHER*, MORE *OBVIOUS SYMPTOMS*...

BOBBY'S *ALWAYS* BEEN A BIT *THIN*, DOCTOR... BUT JUST *LATELY* HE SEEMS TO BE *LOSING WEIGHT* AND HE'S ALWAYS *TIRED!* MAYBE A *TONIC*...?

HE *HAS* A SLIGHT *FEVER!* BUT... SUPPOSE I CHECK HIM OVER. WE CAN DECIDE *WHAT* TO GIVE HIM *LATER*...

SPLEEN ENLARGED... POSSIBLE ENLARGEMENT OF LIVER... HMMM... BAD...

ALL RIGHT, SON. NOW, HOW ABOUT A LOOK-SEE INTO YOUR *MOUTH?* OKAY?

DO HIS GUMS *OFTEN* BLEED LIKE THIS, MR. EDWARDS?

WHY... *YES! YES!* NOW THAT I RECALL, I HAVE NOTICED IT AT TIMES. BUT I THOUGHT IT WAS JUST *TENDERNESS!* DOCTOR... SOMETHING *IS* WRONG!

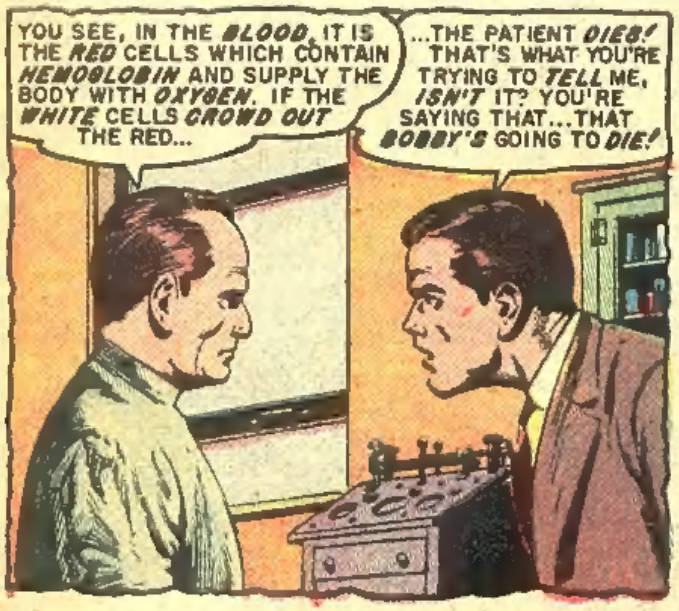
"*SOMETHING*", *YES!* BUT I'D RATHER NOT GIVE A *DIAGNOSIS* UNTIL I'VE MADE SOME *TESTS!* CAN YOU BRING HIM DOWN TO THE *HOSPITAL* TOMORROW?

THE... THE *HOSPITAL!?* Y-YES... OF COURSE... IF YOU *SAY* SO! BUT... BUT... *MARTHA*... MY *WIFE*... SHE'LL *WORRY!*

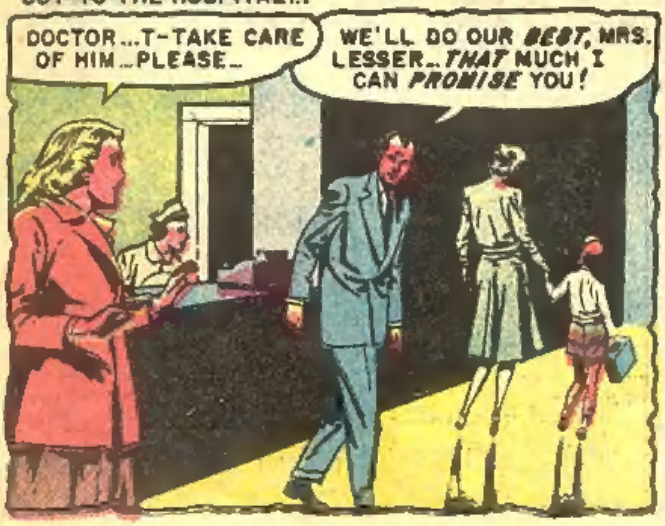
THEN..SUPPOSE WE KEEP IT TO OURSELVES. FOR THE MOMENT, ANYWAY. WHY WORRY HER UNNECESSARILY? WE CAN ALWAYS TELL HER LATER... IF WE FIND ANYTHING!

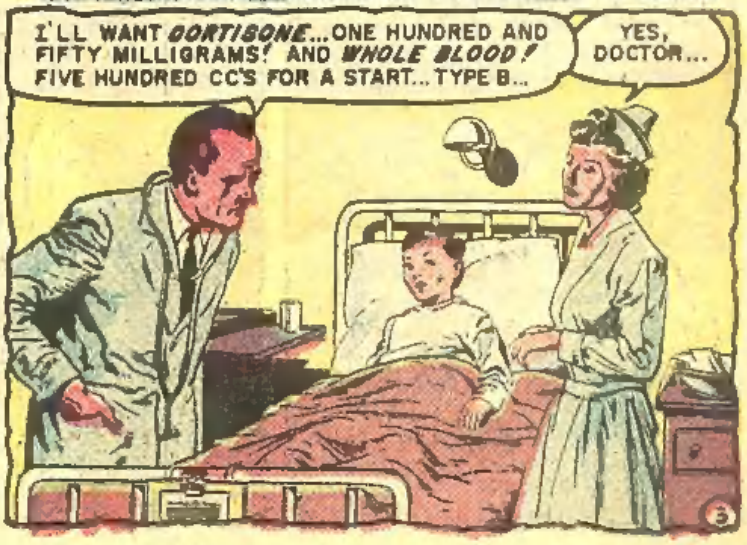
IF?! DOCTOR LESSER HAD BEEN ALMOST CERTAIN OF WHAT HE'D FIND. YET, THE NEXT MORNING, HE'D HOPED...
NOW, THIS WILL HURT, SON... BUT ONLY FOR A SECOND! ALL RIGHT?
SURE! GO...GO AHEAD! I-I'M NOT SCARED!

BUT HIS DIAGNOSIS HAD BEEN CONFIRMED. THE PATHOLOGIST HAD GOTTEN HIS BONE-MARROW SPECIMEN AND HIS STUDY HAD SHOWN WHAT A BLOOD COUNT HAD ALREADY SHOWN..
LEUKEMIA!? DOCTOR... NO!
I'M AFRAID IT'S TRUE, MR. EDWARDS. EVERY TEST SHOWS THE SAME THING...EXCESS PRODUCTION OF LEUCOCYTES ...WHITE BLOOD CORPUSCLES!


YOU SEE, IN THE BLOOD, IT IS THE RED CELLS WHICH CONTAIN HEMOGLOBIN AND SUPPLY THE BODY WITH OXYGEN. IF THE WHITE CELLS CROWD OUT THE RED...
...THE PATIENT DIES! THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE TRYING TO TELL ME, ISN'T IT? YOU'RE SAYING THAT...THAT BOBBY'S GOING TO DIE!

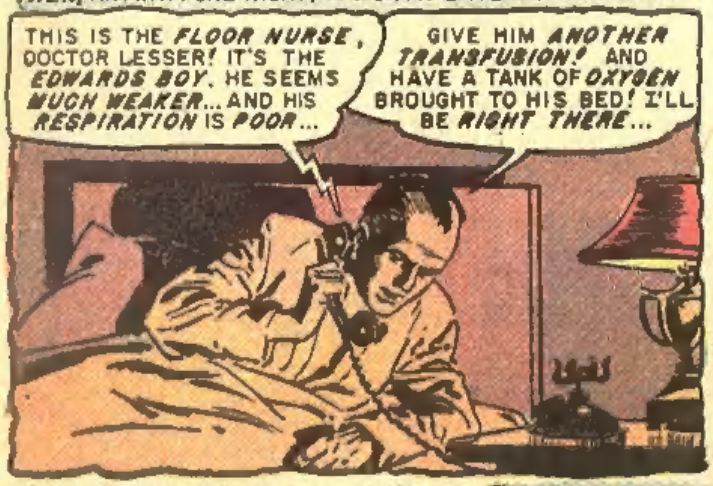
NO, MR. EDWARDS! I'M NOT SAYING THAT! IT'S JUST THAT I FEEL YOU SHOULD KNOW WHAT WE'RE UP AGAINST! THAT'S WHY I EXPLAINED! IT WILL MEAN HOSPITILIZATION FOR BOBBY! THERE'S ALWAYS THE CHANCE THAT THE DISEASE CAN BE ARRESTED AND CURED! AT LEAST WE CAN TRY!
MARTHA! -I...I DON'T KNOW HOW SHE'LL TAKE THIS...


THE BOY'S MOTHER HAD HAD TO BE TOLD, THEN. BUT SHE'D HELD ONTO HERSELF, SOMEHOW. SHE'D NOT GIVEN WAY...NOT EVEN WHEN THEY'D BROUGHT THEIR BOY TO THE HOSPITAL...
DOCTOR...T-TAKE CARE OF HIM...PLEASE...
WE'LL DO OUR BEST, MRS. LESSER...THAT MUCH I CAN PROMISE YOU!


THAT MUCH, YES! THAT MUCH DOCTOR LESSER HAD BEEN ABLE TO PROMISE, BUT NO MORE! HE STILL REMEMBERED THAT FIRST DAY...THE WAY BOBBY HAD LOOKED AT HIM...
I'LL WANT CORTISONE...ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILLIGRAMS! AND WHOLE BLOOD! FIVE HUNDRED CC'S FOR A START...TYPE B...
YES, DOCTOR...

THE CORTISONE HAD BEEN EFFECTIVE ... FOR A LITTLE WHILE. AND FOR A LITTLE WHILE, DOCTOR LESSER HAD NOT HAD TO *WORRY* TOO MUCH ABOUT HIS *OTHER* PATIENT ... BOBBY'S *MOTHER*...

NO, BOBBY WOULD *NOT* BE GOING HOME. DOCTOR LESSER'D *KNOWN* THAT ... *DEEP DOWN*. THESE *TEMPORARY* REMISSIONS *OFTEN* FOLLOWED EARLY TREATMENT. BUT THERE'D BEEN NO *NEED* TO TELL THE BOY'S MOTHER *THAT*. NOT *THEN*, ANYWAY. ONE NIGHT, A MONTH LATER...

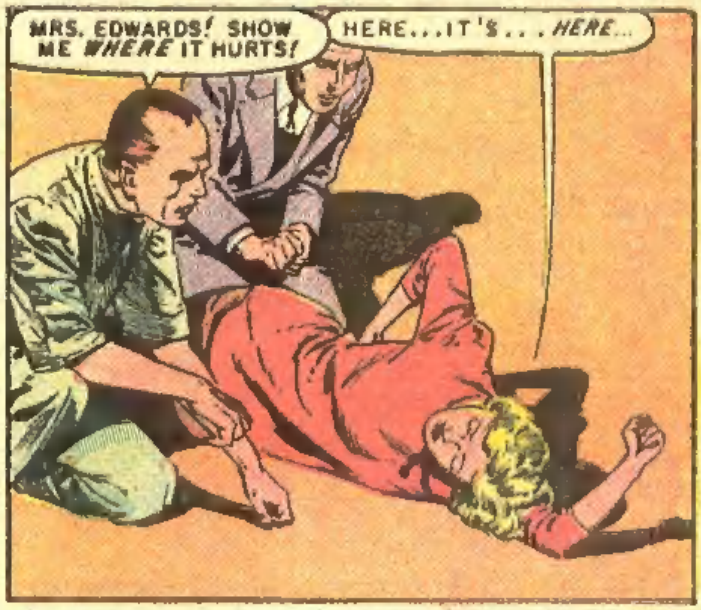


AFTER THAT FIRST MONTH, IT HAD BEEN A *LOSING BATTLE!* THE CONDITION HAD RELAPSED! IN THE THIRD MONTH, THE FIRST *COMA* HAD COME...

AND IT HAD BEEN ONLY A MATTER OF TIME. THE BOY'S BLOOD-MAKING TISSUE HAD ALMOST CEASED TO FUNCTION. ANOTHER MONTH HAD GONE, AND THEN, TONIGHT, THERE'D BEEN THE FINAL CALL...

THE MOTHER HAD TRIED SO HARD TO BE BRAVE. SHE HADN'T CRIED. BUT WHEN DOCTOR LESSER HAD GONE INTO THE WARD, HER EYES HAD PLEADED...

THAT HAD BEEN AN HOUR AGO. NOW... IT WAS OVER. THE *BOY* FELT NOTHING NOW! FOR *THEM* ... THE BOY'S *PARENTS*... THE PAIN WAS ONLY *BEGINNING*...



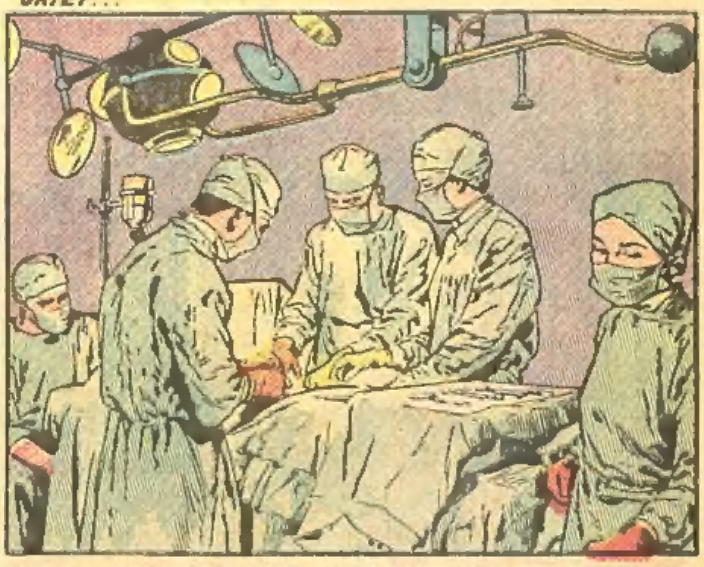
THERE WAS HARDLY NEED FOR AN EXAMINATION TO TELL DOCTOR LESSER WHAT HAD HAPPENED. BUT MEDICINE IS AN EXACT SCIENCE. WHEN MRS. EDWARDS HAD BEEN CARRIED TO A BED, HE'D MADE CERTAIN...

NOW, LISTEN CAREFULLY! WE CAN'T WASTE TIME! YOUR WIFE IS HURT! WE CAN SAVE HER... AND THE BABY! BUT IT WILL MEAN AN IMMEDIATE OPERATION. WILL YOU CONSENT?
YES! YES... OF COURSE...

EDWARDS WAS DAZED. HE NODDED NUMBLY. IT WAS SO UNFAIR. EVEN LATER, IN SURGERY, DOCTOR LESSER THOUGHT ABOUT IT. TO LOSE A SON AND NOW THIS.
SHE'S IN PAIN! I'M GIVING HER DEMEROL ONE HUNDRED MILLIGRAMS.

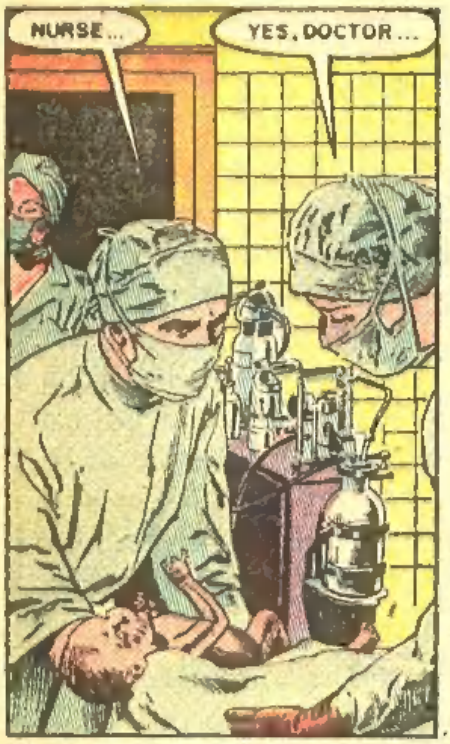
ANAESTHESIA!?
ETHER AND OXYGEN...

SHE'S READY, DOCTOR...
THEN LET'S GET ON WITH IT...


BLOOD TO REPLACE WHAT MRS. EDWARDS HAD LOST. DRUGS TO KILL THE PAIN... MEN COULD DO JUST SO MUCH! ONE SMALL PART OF DOCTOR LESSER'S MIND THOUGHT OF THAT WHILE HE WORKED. JUST SO MUCH! BUT WHAT ABOUT OTHER SICKNESSES... SICKNESSES OF GRIEF...

IT WENT QUICKLY... SMOOTHLY. TOWARD THE END, DOCTOR LESSER HESITATED...
TROUBLE, DOCTOR?
TROUBLE?! N-NO! NOT EXACTLY...

... A GIRL

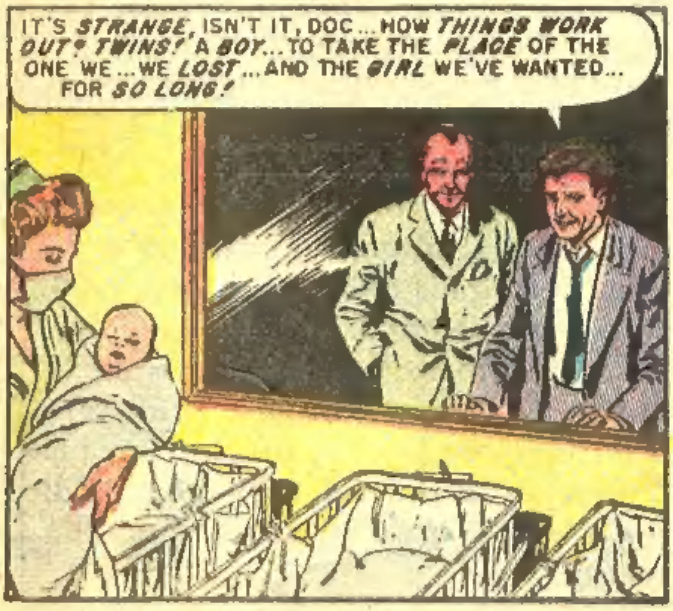


TROUBLE? NO! THERE WERE TWO SMALL, SOFT SOUNDS. THEN... A SLAP TO INSTITUTE BREATHING IN NEWBORN LUNGS. ONCE... TWICE...

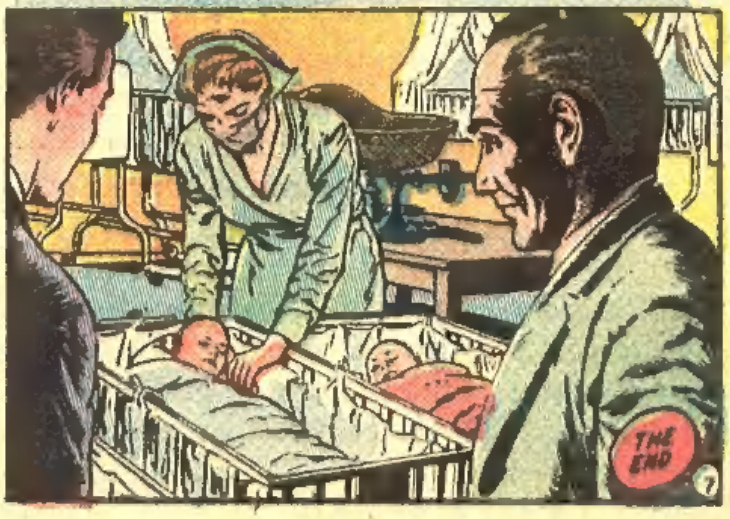
NO, DOCTOR LESSER WOULD NOT CALL WHAT HAD HAPPENED IN THE OPERATING ROOM *"TROUBLE"!* HE FELT *BETTER* WHEN HE JOINED MR. EDWARDS LATER... *MUCH* BETTER...

EDWARD'S FACE DIDN'T CHANGE WHEN DOCTOR LESSER TOLD HIM. THE GRIEF... THE SHOCK WAS STILL STRONG IN HIM. IT WAS AS IF HE DID NOT QUITE UNDERSTAND WHAT HAD HAPPENED...

THE PAIN OF LOSS WAS STILL IN MR. EDWARDS' HEART... AS IT WAS IN HIS WIFE'S. BUT SOMEDAY, THE PAIN WOULD EASE. DOCTOR LESSER LED THE WAY TO THE NURSERY... AND HE WATCHED THE CURE BEGIN TO HAPPEN...



YES, DOCTOR LESSER *FELT BETTER!* IT ALL SEEMED SO *SIMPLE*, SUDDENLY... THE *PATTERN* OF *LIFE* AND *DEATH!* SUDDENLY IT ALL MADE *SENSE!* SOMEHOW... IN THE END... THINGS GENERALLY *BALANCED OUT*...



FEVER FIGHTER

When, early in February, 1898, the United States Battleship Maine was blown up outside Havana, Cuba, while riding at anchor, and war with Spain resulted, many thousands of young Americans were doomed to death. These brave men, who volunteered to serve their country, were not battlefield casualties. Enemy bullets took only a very small toll of lives during the fighting in Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines. Disease was far deadlier than the Spanish Mauser rifles.

For the first time, American soldiers were fighting in tropical climates where yellow fever and malaria were rampant. Where the enemy had failed to dislodge our rugged troopers, the "yellow jack," which the men called yellow fever, succeeded. At one point, the situation grew so bad that there was discussion about withdrawing our troops from the battle areas. Not until a forty-four year old doctor, a Major in the Medical Corps named William Gorgas, came to Cuba in 1898 after the battle of Santiago, was any progress made in combatting the disease.

Americans were generally ignorant of tropical diseases, but Gorgas, who was placed in charge of yellow fever patients, determined to learn the cause of the deadly sickness. After intense research, he found that it was spread by a mosquito, Aedes Aegyptia. By diligently filling all mosquito breeding places with oil, eliminating stagnant pools, and the use of mosquito netting, the incidence of yellow fever was cut down, and gradually eliminated.

For his excellent work, Gorgas was made assistant surgeon general of the United States Army and promoted to the rank of Colonel, by a special act of Congress in 1903. He was not given time to rest on his laurels. Plans were being made for the construction of the Panama Canal, but Panama itself was riddled with yellow fever and malaria. A hurry call went out for Gorgas. He was sent to Panama as chief sanitary officer.

Gorgas directed a vigorous campaign against the breeding places of mosquitoes. He noticed that coincidental with the curtailment of yellow fever cases the number of malaria victims in the Canal Zone was fast dropping. Arduous research revealed the reason. Malaria was carried by the female of the Anophales mosquito. By destroying the breeding places of these winged pests, Gorgas had stumbled upon the means of lowering the malarial rate. Once the disease menace was eliminated, construction on the Canal began at once.

By 1916, Gorgas was the surgeon general of the Army and held the rank of Major General. During his span of active service, he helped combat yellow fever throughout Central America particularly in Guatemala and Ecuador. He also carried out a modern sanitation program in Peru a year before his death on July 3, 1920. Two great tropical disease research institutes are named for him, in Washington, D. C. and Panama. Thus, William Gorgas still is carrying on his fight against the diseases which still ravage the tropical regions of the world.

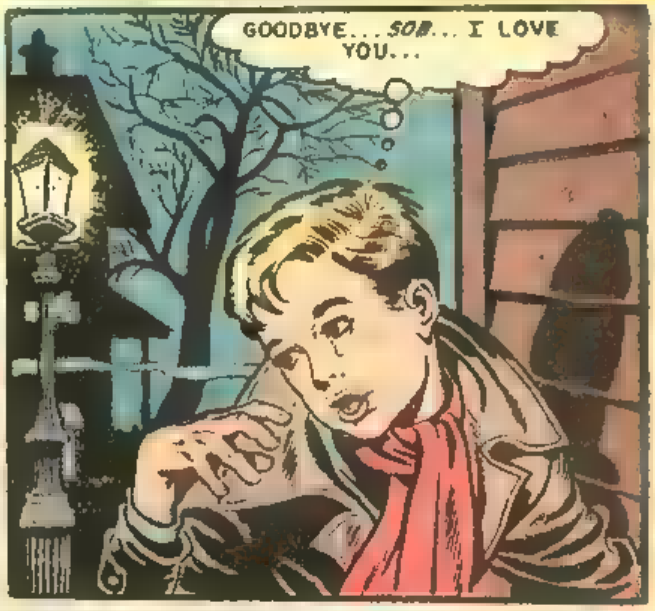
DIFFERENT

DIAGNOSIS: *Cerebral Palsy*

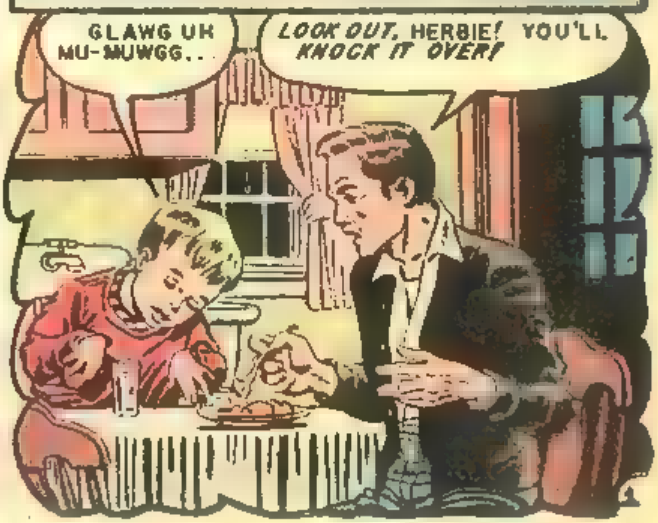
PROCEDURE: *Physical Therapy*

NOBODY'LL CARE THAT I'M GONE, EXCEPT MAYBE MA! BUT PA AND MATT AND HALL, THEY'LL BE GLAD, BECAUSE PEOPLE WILL STOP SAYING, "[redacted]H, THAT POOR MAN! HE'S HERBIE STRUTHERS' FATHER!" OR, "IT'S SO HARD ON THOSE BOYS HAVING A BROTHER LIKE THAT!" THEY SAY THOSE THINGS BECAUSE I'M *DIFFERENT!* I'VE ALWAYS BEEN DIFFERENT. I CAN'T HELP WALKING FUNNY... JERKY-LIKE... AND ALWAYS SHAKING... AND THE WAY MY MOUTH HANGS OPEN! NOBODY UNDERSTANDS! SO WHEN THEY GET UP IN THE MORNING AND THEY SEE THAT I'M GONE, IT'LL BE BETTER FOR ALL OF THEM. BUT IT'S HARD TO LEAVE HOME... EVEN WHEN IT ISN'T A GOOD HOME... EVEN WHEN IT'S NOT A HAPPY HOME.

IT'S A LITTLE COLD OUT... AND SO DARK. I DON'T *WANT* TO GO! BUT IF I DON'T GO NOW, I NEVER WILL, 'CAUSE I LOVE THE HOUSE AND EVERYBODY IN IT, EVEN IF THEY DON'T LOVE ME. I KEEP LOOKING BACK AND THE HOUSE IS JUST A SHADOW IN THE DARK. BUT I SEE IT IN MY HEAD LIKE IT'S DAYTIME... THE WOOD DIRTY AND GREY, 'CAUSE PA CAN'T BUY PAINT... THE STOVE [redacted] THE KITCHEN, THE ONLY PLACE WHERE IT'S NICE AND WARM... THE FENCE AROUND THE FRONT YARD WHERE GRASS WON'T GROW...



IT'S HARD TO WALK WHEN YOU'RE LIKE ME. IT TAKES A LOT OF EFFORT. SO I TRY TO REMEMBER THE BAD THINGS... AND MAYBE REMEMBERING THEM WILL GIVE ME STRENGTH. I REMEMBER BACK TO WHEN I WAS SIX. SIX YEARS OLD AND I STILL COULDN'T HOLD A FORK! PA HAD TO FEED ME. I WANTED TO PLEASE HIM. I WANTED TO PICK UP MY GLASS OF MILK MYSELF...



PA WAS RIGHT! I *DID* KNOCK IT OVER! MY HAND JUMPED AND THE MILK WENT ALL OVER PA. HIS FACE GOT ALL RED AND HE YELLED AT ME...LOUD...

I *TOLD* YOU NOT TO TRY, HERBIE! I *TOLD* YOU...!

MA RAN FROM THE STOVE AND PUT HER ARM AROUND ME. I WAS CRYING. IT'S EVEN HARD FOR ME TO CRY...

HE'LL *NEVER* LEARN TO EAT BY HIMBELF, TESS! IT'S BAD ENOUGH HAVING TO *FEED* HIM! BUT HE CAN'T LET IT *GO* AT THAT! WHY'S HE GOT TO *TRY?*

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE YELLED AT HIM, MARTY! DON'T EVER DO IT *AGAIN!* I DON'T KNOW WHY HERBIE'S LIKE HE IS! I GUESS HE JUST CAN'T *HELP* HIMSELF!

PA SAID MA SPOILED ME. IT GOT SO, HE HARDLY SAID HELLO TO ME WHEN HE'D COME HOME FROM WORK, BUT HE'D ARGUE WITH MA. I REMEMBER ONE NIGHT WHEN THEY THOUGHT I WAS ASLEEP IN MY ROOM NEXT TO THE KITCHEN...

MAYBE IF WE TOOK HIM TO A *DOCTOR,* MARTY? MAYBE A DOCTOR COULD *DO* SOMETHING FOR HERBIE...?

LOOK, TESS! I MAKE JUST ENOUGH TO *FEED* US AND BUY A COUPLE OF *EXTRAS* NOW AND THEN! WHAT ABOUT *MATT* AND *HAL?* DON'T *THEY* HAVE A LITTLE SOMETHING COMING? DOCTORS COST *MONEY!*

I CRIED...'CAUSE I KNEW PA DIDN'T CARE FOR ME THE WAY HE DID FOR MY BROTHERS...

MARTY, I'VE NEVER *ASKED* YOU FOR MUCH...

WHAT'LL WE DO *WITHOUT,* TESS? *FOOD,* MAYBE? OR *SHOES* ONCE A YEAR? ANYWAY...THERE'S *NOTHING* A DOCTOR CAN DO FOR A KID LIKE *THAT!*

I KEPT GROWING UP...AND HOPING I'D GET BETTER...BUT I DIDN'T! I DIDN'T GO TO SCHOOL LIKE OTHER KIDS, OR LEARN ANYTHING, EXCEPT WHEN MA READ TO ME SOMETIMES. I JUST SAT IN MY ROOM, MOSTLY, AND WATCHED PA PLAY WITH HAL AND MATT IN THE YARD...

PUT IT OVER THE *PLATE,* MATT! *STRIKE 'EM OUT!*

SURE, MATT! PUT IT OVER... AND I'LL *KNOCK IT OVER THE FENCE...*

I DON'T WANT TO THINK OF THE BAD THINGS ANYMORE. I DON'T LIKE THE WAY IT FEELS THINKING OF THEM. I JUST WANT TO GET AWAY... RUN...RUN...RUN AWAY...

SOB...SOB...

I DON'T KNOW WHEN I STOPPED RUNNING... OR HOW LONG AGO..., OR WHEN I SAT DOWN IN THIS DOORWAY AND FELL ASLEEP. ALL I KNOW IS, IT'S GETTING LIGHT NOW, AND SOMEBODY IS TALKING TO ME. A POLICEMAN..

WHAT ARE *YOU* DOING OUT THIS HOUR OF THE MORNING, SON? *LOST?* *RUN AWAY* BECAUSE YOU DID SOMETHING *BAD* AND YOU'RE AFRAID YOUR DAD WILL GIVE YOU A *SHELLACKING?* COME ON! LET ME DRIVE YOU HOME! MAYBE I CAN FIX THINGS *UP* FOR YOU!

HOW CAN I ANSWER WHEN I CAN'T MAKE PEOPLE UNDERSTAND MY TALKING. I JUST SIT AND SHIVER AND FEEL SICK. THEN HE PICKS ME UP AND CARRIES ME AND HE ISN'T MAD THAT I CAN'T TALK AND IT FEELS GOOD TO BE HELD...TO HAVE SOMEBODY CARE...

YOU LOOK *ILL*, BOY. I'D BETTER TAKE YOU TO A *DOCTOR*

IT'S THE FIRST TIME I'VE BEEN IN A CAR. IT'S NICE AND WARM IN HIS CAR. THE DOCTOR'S HOUSE IS WARM TOO. AND HE'S NOT MAD AT BEING WOKE UP SO EARLY. HE'S EVEN FIXED ME SOME MILK TO DRINK...

YOU THINK HE'S GOT *PNEUMONIA* OR SOMETHING, DR. WHITEHEAD. THE WAY HE KEEPS *SHIVERING* AND *SHAKING?*

THE BOY ISN'T *CHILLED*, REILLY! HE HAS WHAT WE CALL AN *ATHENOID CONDITION*... THE RESULT OF A *BRAIN INJURY*...POSSIBLY AT *BIRTH!* YOU'VE HEARD OF *CEREBRAL PALSY*...

THAT'S PROBABLY *WHY* HE RAN AWAY FROM HOME! THIS LAD HAS BEEN *WOUNDED*, REILLY! FIRST, AT *BIRTH*... NOW, BY A *LACK OF UNDERSTANDING!* HE WAS PROBABLY *DRIVEN AWAY* BY *IGNORANCE!* HE COULD BE *HELPED* IF HIS PEOPLE *COOPERATED*...*UNDERSTOOD*...

HE DOESN'T HAVE ANY *IDENTIFICATION* ON HIM, DOC. BUT *WE'LL* LOCATE HIS FOLKS. TAKE MY *WORD* FOR IT! *THEY'LL* BE LOOKING FOR HIM. I GOT KIDS OF MY *OWN*, AND *I'D* BE LOOKING, NO MATTER *WHAT* WAS WRONG WITH 'EM!

THE POLICEMAN HAS GONE TO TRY AND FIND MA AND PA. BUT THEY WON'T BE LOOKING FOR ME. I KNOW. ESPECIALLY PA. YESTERDAY I WAS OUTSIDE. THE OTHER KIDS WERE PLAYING. I WANTED TO PLAY TOO. I TRIED TO TELL THEM...

AHAH.. WHUH... BAYBIB WHIH... OOO... UH...

HEY! HERE COMES *HERBIE!* *LOOK OUT!*

RUN! RUN OR HE'LL *GET* YOU! *LOOK OUT FOR HERBIE!*

PA WAS COMING HOME FROM WORK. HE SAW THE KIDS RUN AND HE HEARD WHAT THEY WERE SAYING. THEN HE TOOK MY ARM AND HE PUSHED ME ALL THE WAY HOME. I KEPT FALLING 'CAUSE IT'S HARD FOR ME TO WALK...

YOU STAY IN THE *HOUSE* HEREAFTER, Y'*UNDERSTAND?* THE WHOLE *NEIGHBORHOOD* KNOWS WHAT I GOT FOR A KID. I'M *TIRED* OF BEING *LAUGHED AT* OR *PITIED!* *YOU STAY HOME!*

PA WAS AWFUL MAD, BUT MA WOULDN'T LET HIM TALK ABOUT IT TILL AFTER I WENT TO BED. BUT I LISTENED AT THE DOOR...

I DON'T WANT HERBIE *GOIN' OUT* ANYMORE! HE'S LIABLE TO HAVE AN *ACCIDENT*...

YOU AREN'T *WORRIED* ABOUT AN *ACCIDENT!* YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT *YOURSELF*... AND WHAT PEOPLE *THINK!* YOU'RE *ASHAMED* OF HERBIE! *ASHAMED!*

OKAY! I *ADMIT* IT! *YEAH,* I'M ASHAMED! I *CURSE* THE DAY HE WAS *BORN!* I CURSE MY *BAD LUCK* AT HAVING AN *IDIOT* FOR A SON! *YEAH,* I SAID "*IDIOT,*" AND YOU *KNOW* THAT'S WHAT HE *IS!* *EVERYBODY KNOWS*...

THAT'S HOW I KNOW THEY WON'T BE LOOKING FOR ME! *THAT'S* WHY I RAN AWAY! AND NOW I'M IN DOCTOR WHITEHEAD'S OFFICE. I'VE BEEN SLEEPING. I HEAR VOICES... MA'S AND PA'S! AT FIRST I THINK I'M DREAMING... BUT I'M NOT...

IT ISN'T *HERBIE'S* FAULT HE HAS CEREBRAL PALSY, MR. STRUTHERS! THERE WAS A *BRAIN INJURY,* AND...

SEE, TESS! IT'S LIKE I *TOLD* YOU! HE'S AN *IDIOT!*

SHUT UP, MARTY! LISTEN!

IF HERBIE *WERE* AN IDIOT, HE *WOULDN'T* HAVE BEEN *HURT* BY THE THINGS YOU *SAID* ABOUT HIM AND *DID* TO HIM! *YOUR SON,* MR. STRUTHERS, IS A *BRIGHT, SENSITIVE, INTELLIGENT BOY!*

BUT... BUT, DOC... THE WAY HIS *MOUTH* HANGS OPEN... I MEAN... WELL, HE COULD NEVER *TALK*... JUST MAKE *FUNNY NOISES* ...AND...

DOCTOR, IF HE CAN HAVE AN *OPERATION* OR SOMETHING TO MAKE HIM *BETTER,* I'LL WORK MYSELF TO *DEATH* IF I HAVE TO... TO SEE THAT HE *GETS* IT!

THERE'S NOT MUCH WE CAN *DO* IN THE WAY OF *SURGERY,* MRS. STRUTHERS! BUT NEURO-MUSCULAR DISORDERS... I MEAN, THE RESULTS OF HERBIE'S BRAIN INJURY... CAN BE OVERCOME TO A GREAT DEGREE BY *THERAPY*...

THERAPY, DOCTOR?

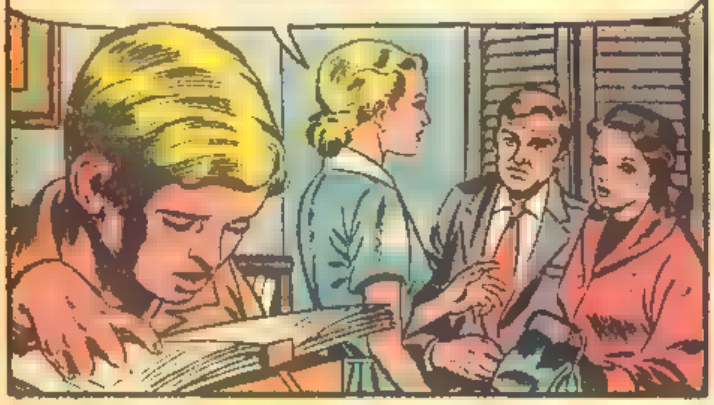
PHYSICAL THERAPY, MRS. STRUTHERS... *TRAINING!* WITH *PATIENCE* UPON YOUR PART AND HERBIE'S, HE CAN BE *TAUGHT* TO USE HIS MUSCLES... *TAUGHT* TO *TALK* AND *WALK*..! I SAID *BEFORE* HE'S A BRIGHT LAD... AND I *MEANT* IT! HE CAN GO TO *SCHOOL*... AND *WORK*... AND BE A *USEFUL CITIZEN* SOMEDAY!

WHAT ABOUT *YOU,* MR. STRUTHERS? ARE YOU INTERESTED ENOUGH TO GIVE YOUR SON THE *UNDERSTANDING* AND *LOVE* HE *NEEDS?* THERE'S A *CLINIC* HERE AND I COULD GET HIM IN...

ME AND TESS AND THE OTHER BOYS CAN *MOVE* HERE, DOC! I'M A *PRETTY GOOD MACHINIST.* I'LL FIND WORK! HERBIE *NEEDS* US... *CLOSE* TO HIM! MY... MY *SON'S* BEEN *ALONE TOO MUCH... TOO LONG!*

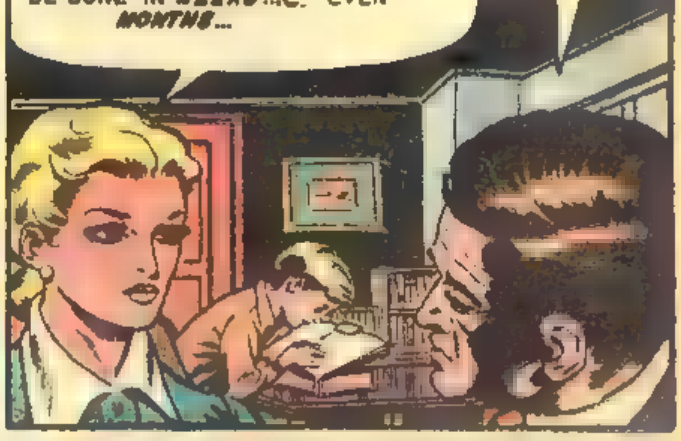
SO NOW MA AND PA HAVE TAKEN ME TO SEE THIS LADY, MISS COLMAN. SHE'S GIVEN ME A PICTURE-BOOK TO LOOK AT WHILE SHE TALKS TO THEM...

I'VE *CONFERRED* WITH DOCTOR WHITEHEAD AND THERE ARE SOME THINGS YOU'D BETTER *HEAR* BEFORE I *START* WITH HERBIE! HE'S A *BRIGHT* BOY... *ALERT*... BUT HE WAS BORN *WITHOUT* THE NATURAL ABILITY TO *WALK* CORRECTLY, AND USE HIS *HANDS*, AND *TALK* COHERENTLY. SOME PEOPLE ARE PALSIED *LATER* IN LIFE... A *WAR WOUND*... OR AN *ACCIDENTAL BLOW ON THE HEAD*. IT COULD HAPPEN TO *YOU*, MR. STRUTHERS...



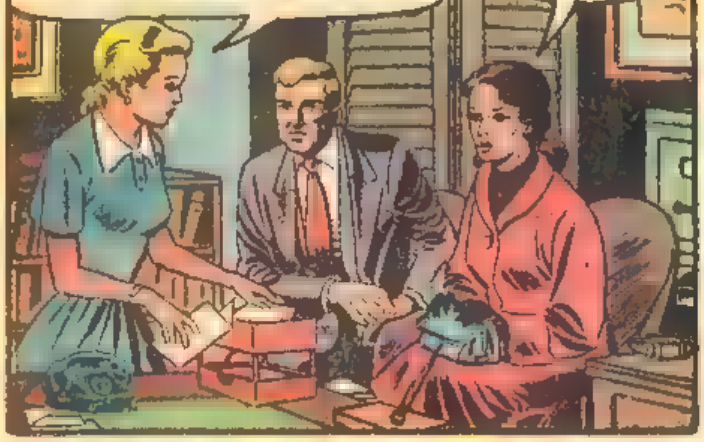
THE PART OF THE BRAIN THAT *CONTROLS* THE *MUSCLES* THAT *DO* THESE THINGS HAS BEEN *DAMAGED*... IS NOT *FUNCTIONING*! *WE'VE* GOT TO *TEACH* HERBIE TO SEND MESSAGES TO THESE MUSCLES WITH *ANOTHER* PART OF THE BRAIN. I SAY "*WE*" BECAUSE *YOU* MUST BE WILLING TO SACRIFICE *TIME* AND *EFFORT*! YOU MUST LEARN TO *WORK* WITH HIM. IT CAN'T BE DONE IN *WEEKS*... *C.* EVEN *MONTHS*...

I GUESS WE *OWE* HERBIE A LOT OF *BACK TIME*, MISS COLMAN. JUST TELL US WHAT TO *DO*, AND WE'LL *DO OUR BEST*...



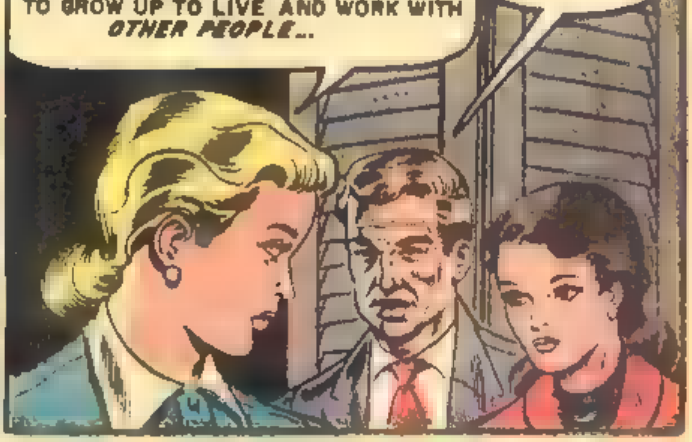
YOU MIGHT AS WELL BE PREPARED TO WORK A *COUPLE OF HOURS A DAY*... FOR AS MANY *YEARS* AS IT MAY *TAKE* TO GET HIM WALKING AND TALKING. YOU'LL GET *TIRED* OF IT! YOU'LL WANT TO *QUIT*...!

BUT I *WON'T QUIT*! I'LL GIVE *ALL* MY TIME TO HERBIE...

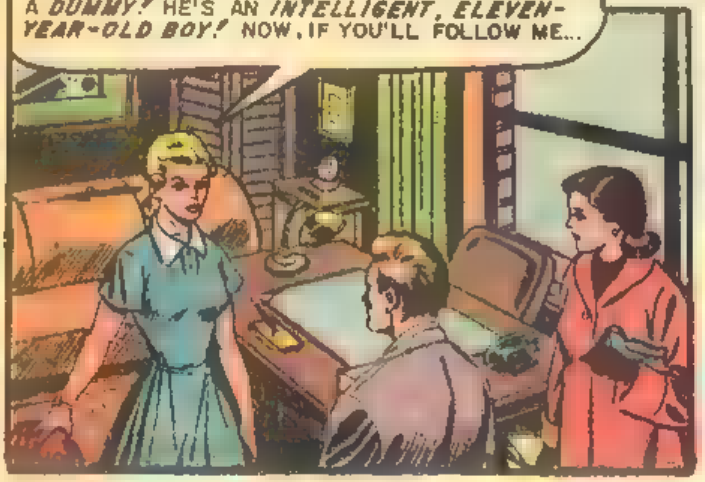


JUST A COUPLE OF *HOURS*... FOR *EXERCISES*, MRS. STRUTHERS! YOUR *HUSBAND* AND *OTHER SONS* NEED YOUR TIME, *TOO*! LET HERBIE BE AS *NORMAL* A MEMBER OF THE FAMILY AS *POSSIBLE*! AFTER ALL, HE'S GOT TO GROW UP TO LIVE AND WORK WITH *OTHER PEOPLE*...

WHAT ABOUT HIS *TALKING*, MISS COLMAN? CAN *THAT* BE FIXED, *TOO*?

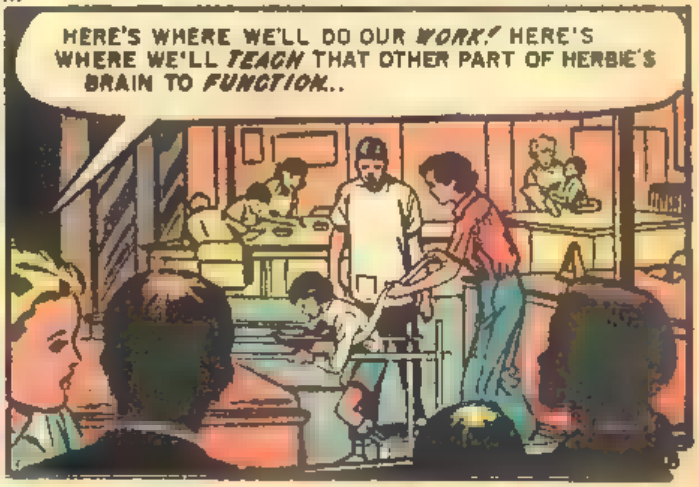


HE'LL HAVE TO BE *TAUGHT* THAT *ALSO*, MR. STRUTHERS! I GATHER YOU NEVER SPENT MUCH *TIME* TALKING TO HERBIE! YOU'LL HAVE TO *COOPERATE* THERE, NOW! AND WHEN YOU *DO* HOLD CONVERSATIONS WITH HIM, TRY TO REMEMBER THAT YOU'RE *NOT* TALKING TO A *DUMMY*! HE'S AN *INTELLIGENT, ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD BOY*! NOW, IF YOU'LL FOLLOW ME...

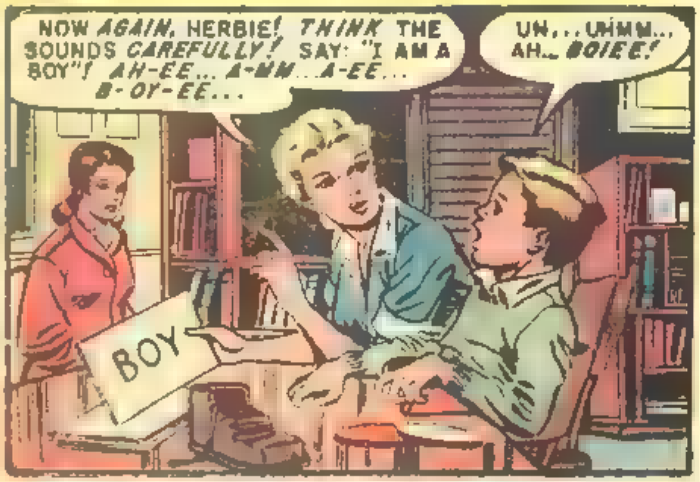


MISS COLMAN TAKES US THROUGH THE CLINIC AND SHOWS US ALL THE EQUIPMENT. THERE'RE HIGH, PADDED TABLES... FULL-LENGTH MIRRORS... ADJUSTABLE PARALLEL BARS TO HOLD ON TO WHEN I LEARN TO WALK... SLANT-BACK CHAIRS, SO I WON'T SLIDE OFF THEM... A METRONOME... SAND BAGS... BLOCKS... TOYS... BOOKS...

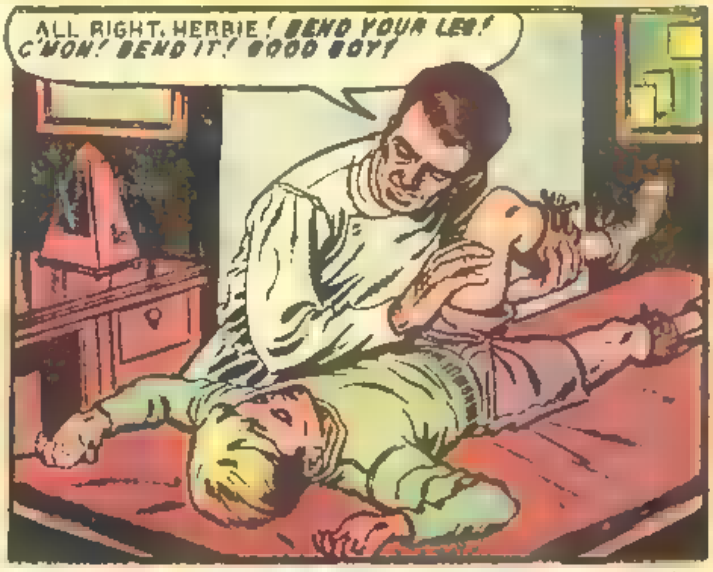
HERE'S WHERE WE'LL DO OUR *WORK*! HERE'S WHERE WE'LL *TEACH* THAT OTHER PART OF HERBIE'S BRAIN TO *FUNCTION*...



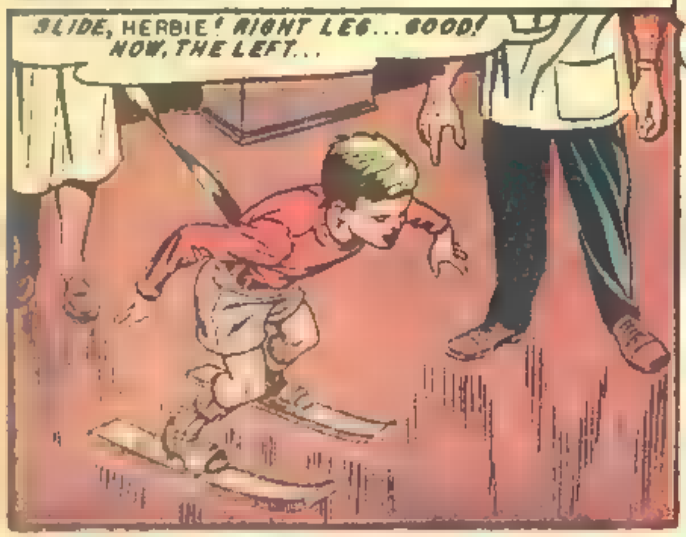
WELL, PA'S GOT A NEW JOB HERE IN NORTHTON, NOW... AND I LIVE OUR HOUSE HERE, 'CAUSE THERE'S GRASS GROWING IN THE YARD AND TWO TREES. EVERY COUPLE OF DAYS, MA TAKES ME TO THE CLINIC TO SEE MISS COLMAN. SHE'S TEACHING ME TO TALK. IT'S HARD, BUT IT FEELS GOOD WHEN I SAY THE WORDS...



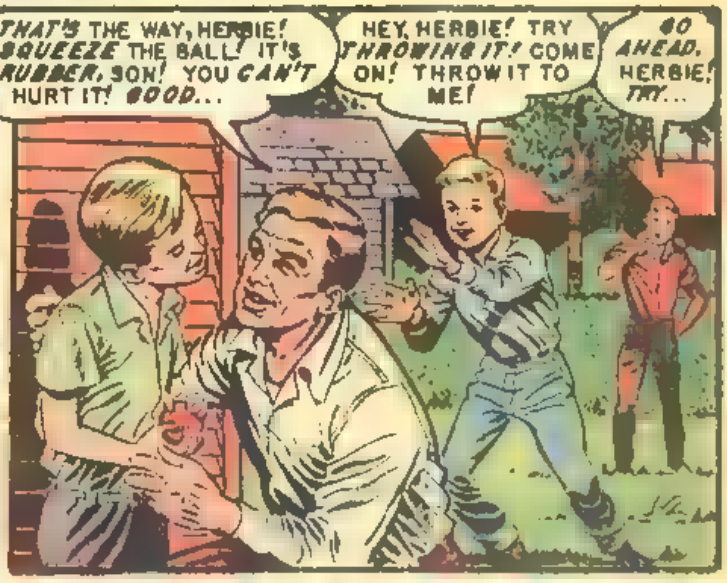
MISS COLMAN LOOKS HAPPY 'CAUSE I SAY THEM PRETTY GOOD... AND SHE SMILES AT MA... AND MA'S HAPPY, TOO. THEN I GET MY EXERCISES ON THE PADDED TABLES...



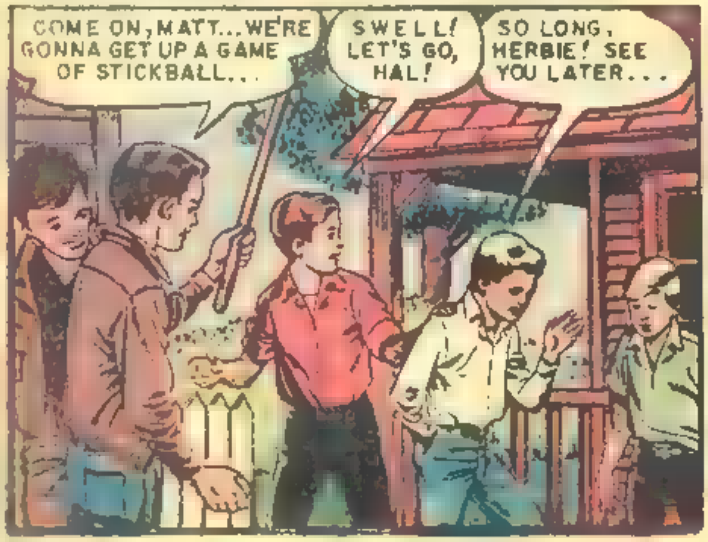
... AND MY SKIING LESSONS. I'M LEARNING TO SKI REAL GOOD! IT'S FUN SLIDING ALONG THE SLIPPERY FLOOR! ACTUALLY, THEY'RE NOT REAL SKIS... JUST ANOTHER KIND OF GADGET TO HELP ME TO LEARN TO WALK RIGHT...



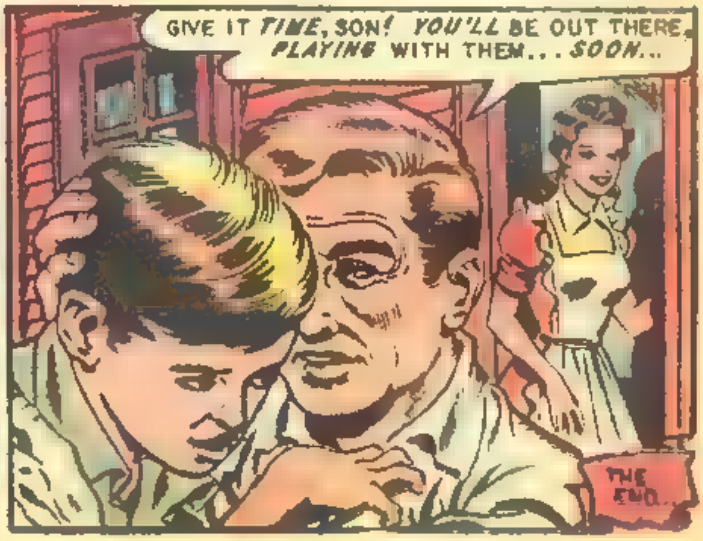
BUT BEST OF ALL IS WHEN PA'S HOME FROM WORK. PA'S CHANGED! NOW HE'S ALWAYS TALKING TO ME AND PLAYING WITH ME...



THE OTHER KID'S DON'T *RUN AWAY* AND CALL ME *NAMES* LIKE THEY DID WHERE WE *USED* TO LIVE. OH, I *STILL* FEEL KINDA *BAD* WHEN THEY COME AND MY BROTHERS RUN OFF TO *PLAY* WITH THEM...



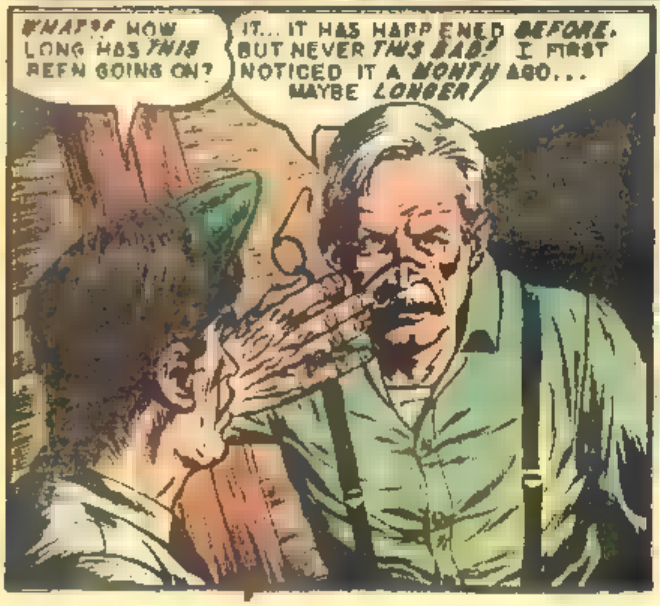
... BUT THEN PA PUTS HIS *ARM* AROUND ME AND *HUGS* ME, AND I FEEL *GOOD* INSIDE... 'CAUSE I KNOW *HE CARES* AND *MA CARES*... AND, I GUESS *EVERYBODY CARES AFTER ALL...*

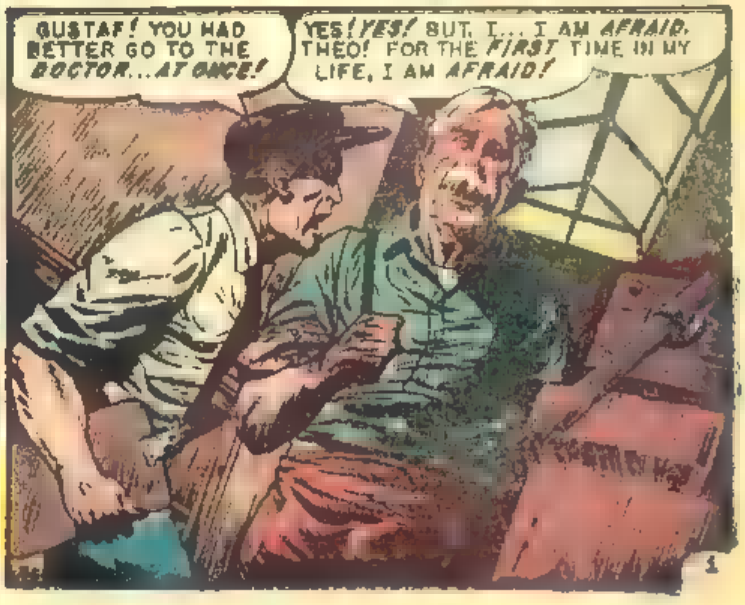


A CASE FOR THE BOOKS

DIAGNOSIS: Optical Hyper-Tension PROCEDURE: Cyclodialysis

AT FIFTY-TWO, GUSTAF SWENSON WAS A HAPPY MAN WHO LOVED HIS WIFE, HIS FAMILY, AND HIS WORK. ALTHOUGH HE HAD ONLY MODEST MEANS, GUSTAF WAS RICH IN THE LIFE HE LED. HE WAS A CRAFTSMAN... A FINE CABINET-MAKER. ONE DAY, AS HE WAS FINISHING OFF AN EXQUISITELY CARVED BREAKFRONT, THE FORERUNNER OF DARK TRAGEDY STRUCK....

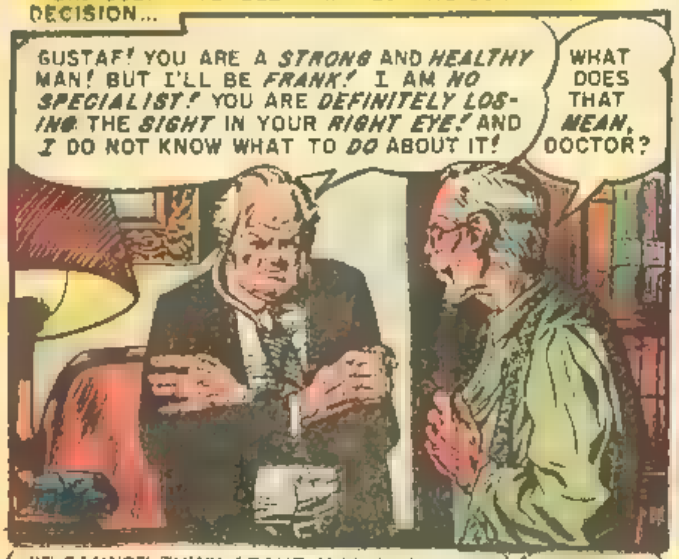


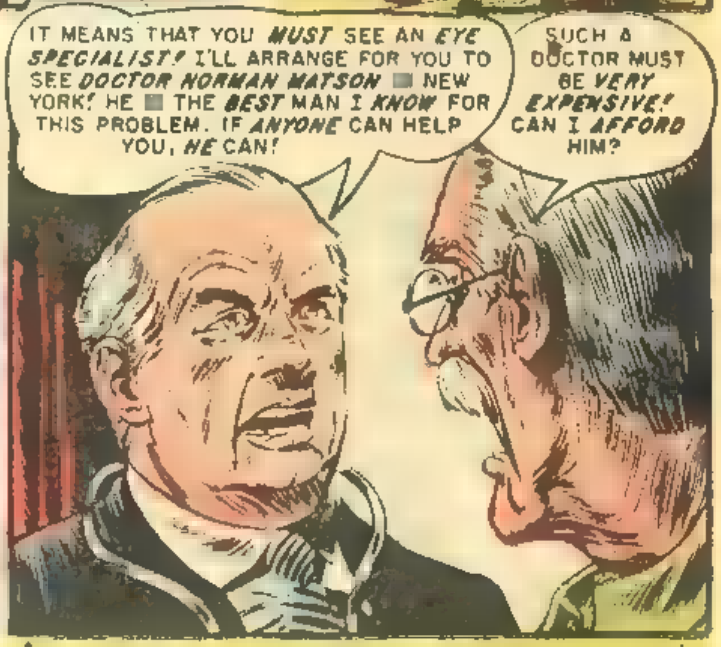


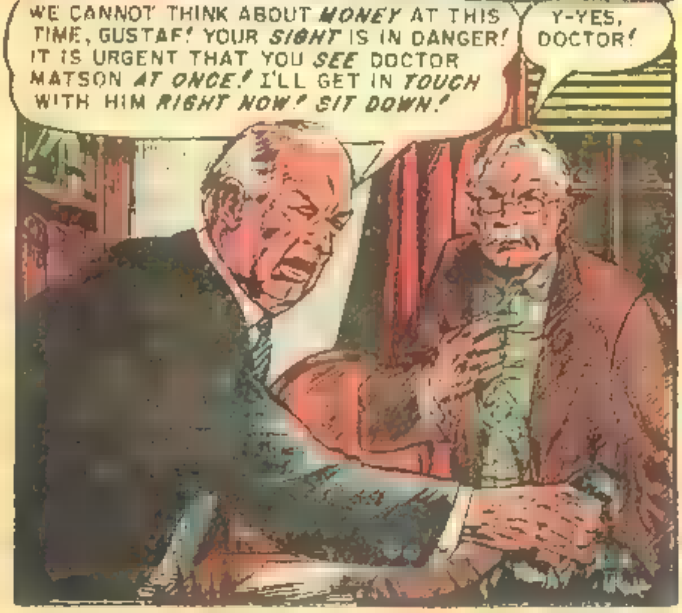
GUSTAF MADE NO REPLY. HIS FINGERS MOVED ACROSS THE CARVED SURFACES OF THE BREAKFRONT, CARESSING THE WOOD WITH A LOVER'S TOUCH. IT WAS AS THOUGH HE WERE BIDDING A LOYAL FRIEND A FINAL AND IRREVOCABLE FAREWELL...

HE CAREFULLY FOLDED HIS APRON AND PLACED IT BESIDE HIS NEATLY ALIGNED TOOLS. THEN, HE LEFT THE SHOP...THE SMELL OF SAWDUST THE BUSY SOUNDS OF HAMMERS... THE HIGH-PITCHED WHINES OF POWER SAWS...ALL OF THE FAMILIAR SOUNDS AND SIGHTS AND SMELLS THAT HAD BECOME INGRAINED INTO GUSTAF'S VERY BEING...

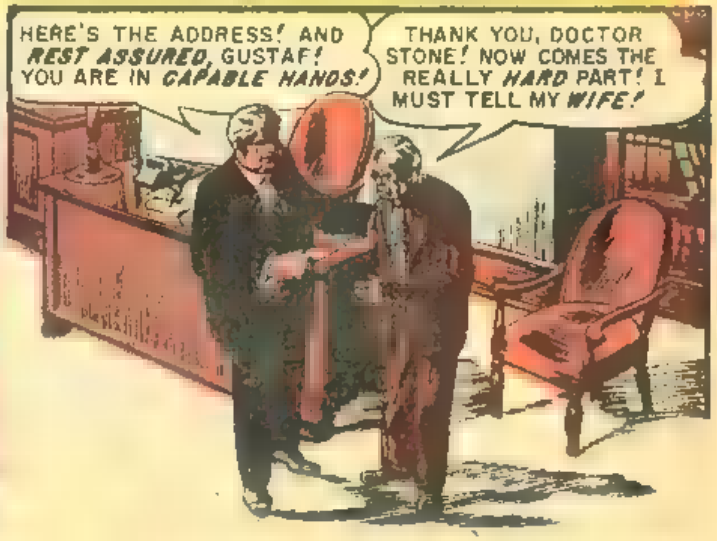
EMILE STONE, M.D., THE SWENSON'S FAMILY PHYSICIAN, GAVE GUSTAF A COMPLETE PHYSICAL EXAMINATION. GUSTAF TENSELY AWAITED THE DOCTOR'S DECISION...



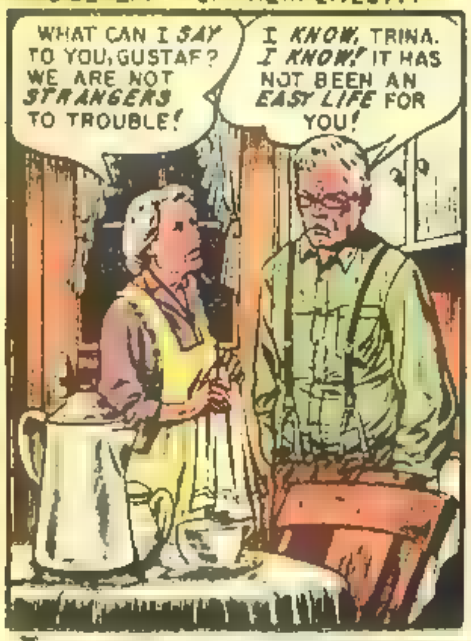


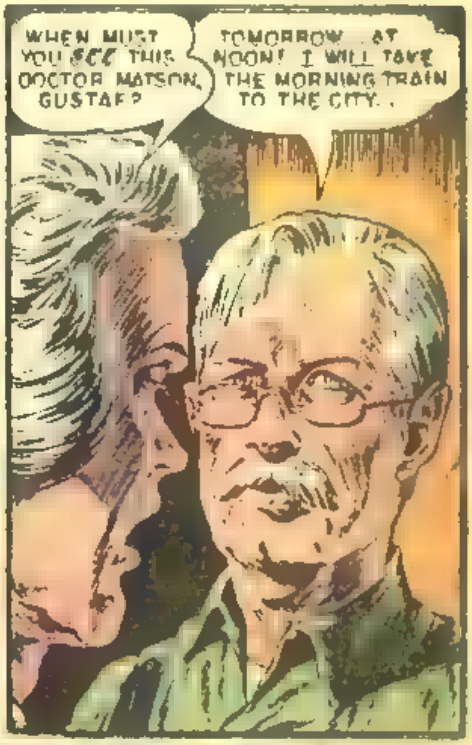


A LONG DISTANCE CALL WAS PLACED TO DOCTOR MATSON'S OFFICE IN NEW YORK AND AN APPOINTMENT FOR GUSTAF SWENSON WAS MADE FOR THE FOLLOWING DAY...

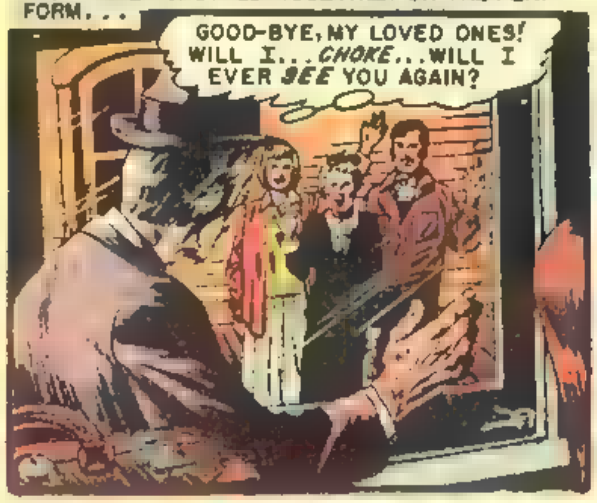


LATER, AT HOME, GUSTAF SWENSON TOLD HIS WIFE, TRINA, OF THE MISFORTUNE THAT NOW THREATENED THE SERENITY OF THEIR LIVES...

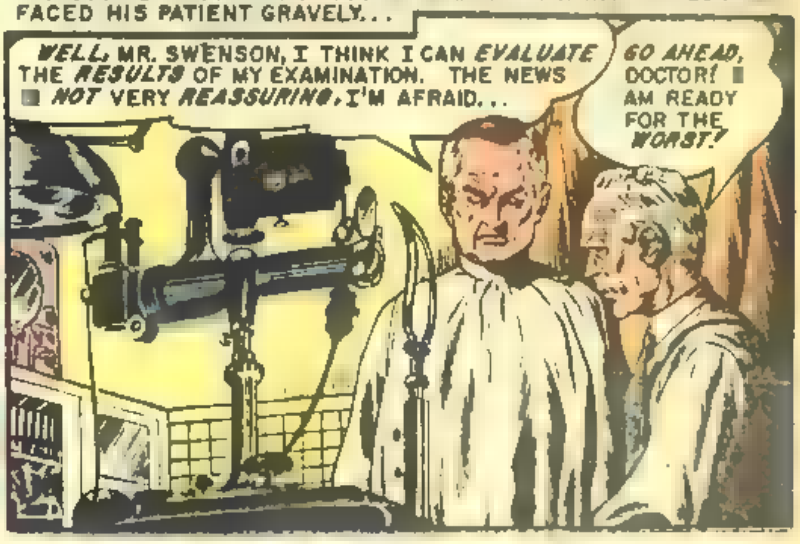


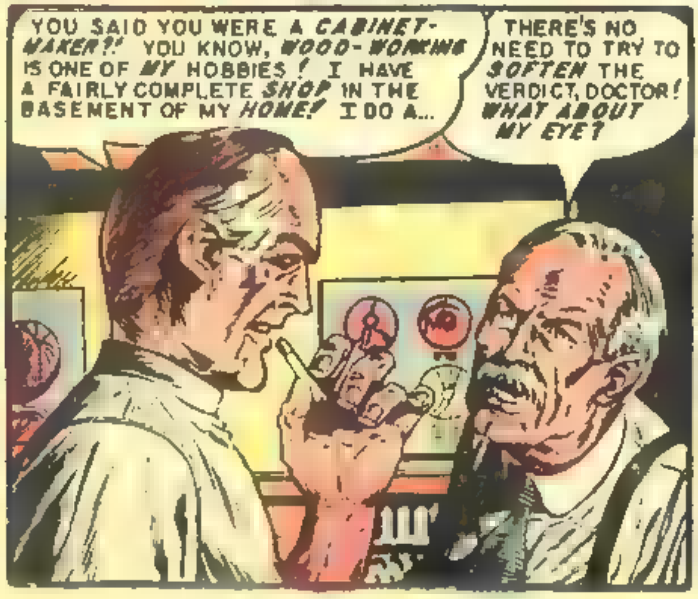


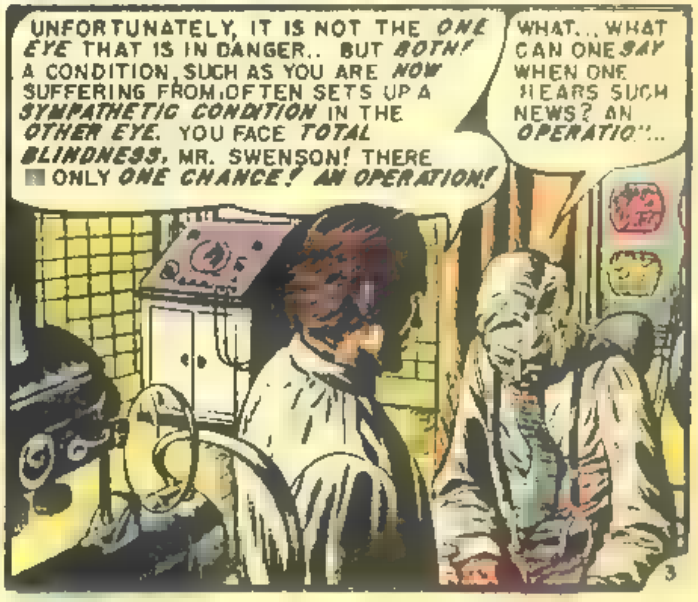
THE NEXT MORNING, GUSTAF SWENSON WATCHED THROUGH THE WINDOW AS HIS TRAIN PULLED OUT OF THE STATION. HE SMILED BRAVELY AT HIS FAMILY GROUPED TOGETHER ON THE PLATFORM...



IN NEW YORK, DOCTOR NORMAN MATSON, M.D., F.A.C.S., MADE A THOROUGH EXAMINATION OF GUSTAF SWENSON'S EYES. FINALLY, HE FACED HIS PATIENT GRAVELY...







GUSTAF SWENSON AROSE AND TURNED TO GAZE OUT OF THE DOCTOR'S WINDOW ACROSS THE PARK BELOW...

HOW...HOW I *LOVE* THE FALL... WHEN THE *LEAVES* ARE TURNING. PERHAPS THIS IS THE *LAST* FALL I WILL *EVER SEE*, EH, DOCTOR? ER... WHAT DO YOU *CALL* THIS THING THAT HAS AFFECTED MY EYES?

IT IS CALLED "*OCULAR HYPER TENSION*"! UNDUE *PRESSURE* ON THE *OPTIC NERVE* OF THE RIGHT EYE IS SLOWLY *CRUSHING* IT...*PARALYZING* IT! THIS PRESSURE IS CAUSED BY A *LEAK* IN THE *GLANDS* WHICH SUPPLY *AQUEOUS FLUIDS* TO THE EYE! SOONER OR LATER THIS CONDITION COULD BEGIN IN THE *LEFT EYE AS WELL!*

OCULAR HYPER TENSION?! AQUEOUS FLUIDS?! THESE ARE *BIG WORDS*, DOCTOR! I DO NOT KNOW WHAT THEY *MEAN!*

THE AQUEOUS FLUID IS THE WATERY SUBSTANCE WHICH *FILLS* THE BALL! WHEN THERE IS DAMAGE TO THE AQUEOUS GLANDS, *TOO MUCH* FLUID FLOWS INTO THE EYE BALL, PUTTING *PRESSURE* ON THE OPTIC NERVE...

DOCTOR MATSON TOOK A PENCIL AND BEGAN TO SKETCH ON HIS DESK PAD...

HERE! I'LL DRAW YOU A *PICTURE* AND SHOW YOU WHAT WE MUST DO TO *SAVE* THE EYE...

THESE ARROWS INDICATE THE *FLUID PRESSURE* PRESSING ON THE *OPTIC NERVE!* WE *RELIEVE* THIS PRESSURE BY PROVIDING AN *OUTLET* FOR THE FLUID TO *DRAIN OFF!* THIS IS DONE BY *REMOVING A SMALL SECTION OF THE WALL OF THE EYE BALL*... A "*BUTTON*," AS IT WERE...

WHAT...WHAT *CAUSES* THIS... THIS OCULAR HYPER TENSION, DOCTOR? I HAVE NEVER HAD TROUBLE WITH MY EYES *BEFORE!*

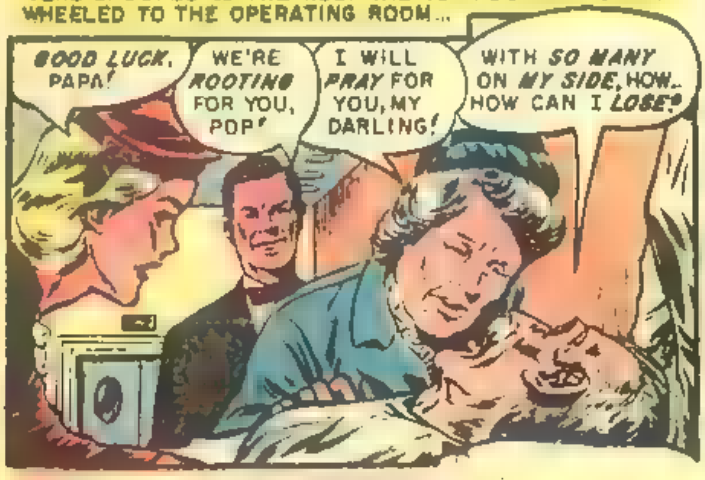
SOME KIND OF *INJURY*, POSSIBLY DATING BACK *MANY YEARS*... A BLOW ON THE *HEAD*... WHICH DAMAGED THE AQUEOUS FLUID GLANDS... CAUSING A SLOW LEAK... AND EVENTUALLY THIS!

AN *INJURY*... TO MY *HEAD?! YES!* SEVERAL YEARS AGO A *BREAKFRONT* I WAS WORKING ON TOPPLED OFF THE HORSES, STRIKING ME ON THE HEAD AND KNOCKING ME *UNCONSCIOUS!* COULD *THAT*...?

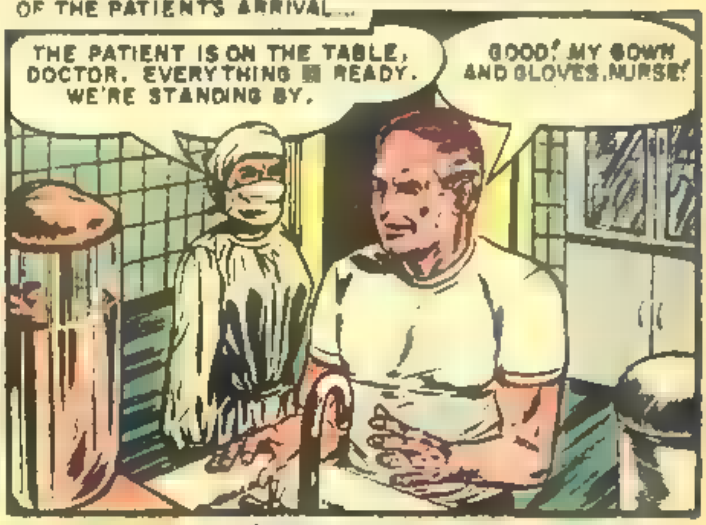
THAT *COULD* HAVE DONE IT! NOW... YOU MUST ENTER THE HOSPITAL *AT ONCE*, MR. SWENSON! I WILL OPERATE IN THE MORNING. I CANNOT GUARANTEE THE *RESULTS* OF THE OPERATION. THE DAMAGE *ALREADY DONE* MAY BE *IRREPARABLE!* BUT THE PROGNOSIS IS *COMPLETELY NEGATIVE* WITHOUT *IMMEDIATE SURGERY!*

VERY WELL, DOCTOR! WHATEVER YOU SAY! A... A BLIND CABINET MAKER... IS NOT OF VERY MUCH *USE!* I... I WILL CALL TRINA... THAT'S MY WIFE...

DOCTOR MATSON CALLED THE HOSPITAL, RESERVED AN O.R., AN ANAESTHETIST, A BED FOR MR. SWENSON, AND COMPLETED OTHER NECESSARY ARRANGEMENTS. GUSTAF NOTIFIED HIS FAMILY, AND THE NEXT MORNING THEY WERE GROUPED IN THE HOSPITAL CORRIDOR AS HE WAS WHEELED TO THE OPERATING ROOM...

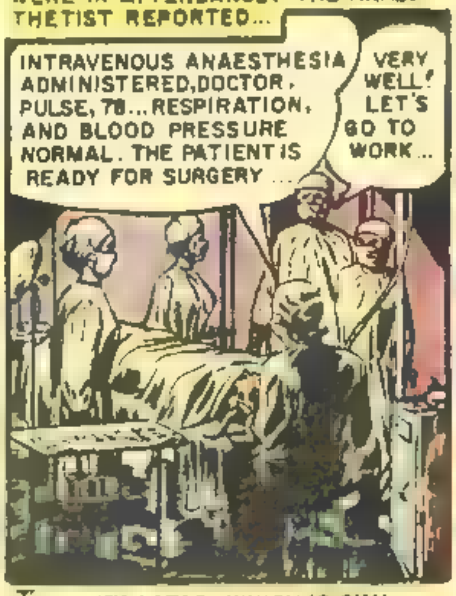


IN THE SCRUB-UP ROOM, DOCTOR MATSON WAS JUST FINISHING AS THE PATIENT WAS WHEELED INTO THE OPERATING ROOM. THE CHARGE NURSE ADVISED HIM OF THE PATIENT'S ARRIVAL...

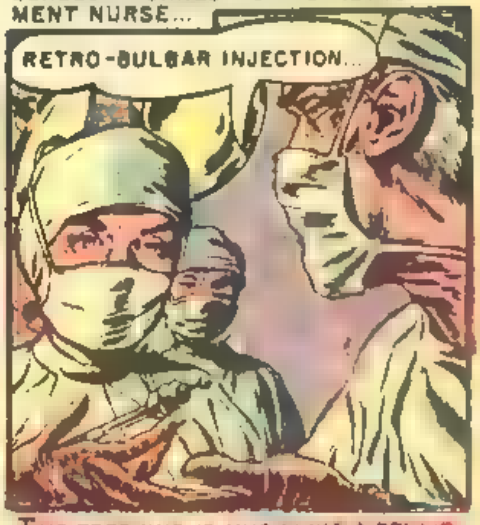


THE CHARGE NURSE ASSISTED THE SURGEON INTO HIS OPERATING COSTUME, MAKING CERTAIN THAT NO PART OF HIS GOWN TOUCHED ANY UNSTERILE OBJECT...

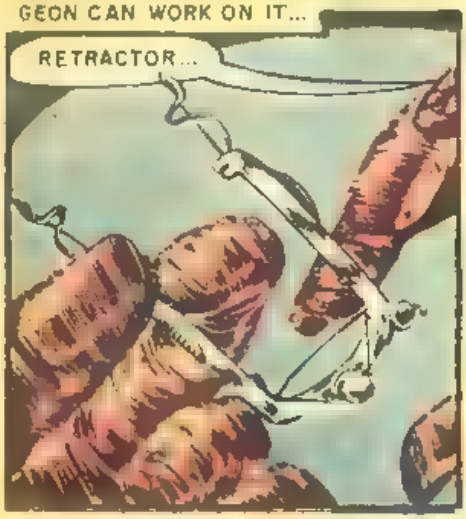
PRECEDED BY THE CHARGE NURSE, THE SURGEON ENTERED THE OPERATING ROOM. TWO MORE NURSES WERE IN ATTENDANCE. THE ANAESTHETIST REPORTED...



ONE OF THE ATTENDING NURSES HANDLED THE INSTRUMENTS. THE OTHER, CALLED "THE ROVING NURSE" WAS READY TO LEND A HAND WHEREVER SHE MIGHT BE NEEDED IN THE EVENT OF AN EMERGENCY. THE SURGEON TURNED TO THE INSTRUMENT NURSE...



THE FIRST STEP IN AN OPERATION OF THIS KIND IS TO IMMOBILIZE THE AFFECTED EYE. THE RETRO-BULBAR INJECTION "FREEZES" THE ORB BY PARALYZING ITS CONTROLLING MUSCLES SO THAT THE SURGEON CAN WORK ON IT...



THE RETRACTOR, WHICH IS SIMILAR TO A CLAMP, IS USED TO HOLD THE EYELIDS OPEN, THEREBY PERMITTING THE SURGEON TO WORK FREELY ON THE EXPOSED AREA...

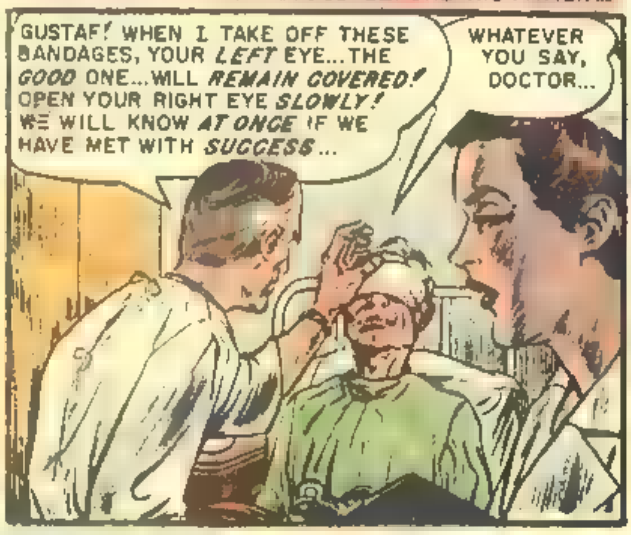
THE TREPHINE IS MUCH LIKE A DELICATE DRILL. IT IS USED AT THIS POINT IN THE OPERATION TO ENABLE THE SURPLUS FLUID TO DRAIN. AT THIS STAGE, THE SURGEON MUST EMPLOY ALL OF THE SKILL AT HIS COMMAND...

TIME OF OPERATION 37 MINUTES

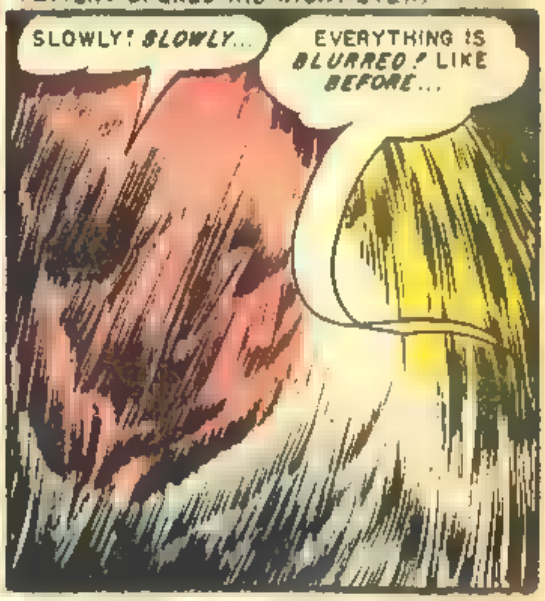
THIS OPERATION IS A RELATIVELY SHORT ONE, BUT IT IS ONE OF THE TENSEST AND MOST EXACTING IN THE ANNALS OF *SURGERY!*

POST-OPERATIVE WAITING PERIOD: 96 HOURS.

IN CASES OF SURGERY FOR OCULAR HYPER TENSION, THE SURGEON CANNOT KNOW WHETHER HE HAS SUCCEEDED UNTIL THE CRUCIAL MOMENT WHEN THE BANDAGES ARE REMOVED. FOUR DAYS LATER, DOCTOR NORMAN MATSON STOOD BEFORE HIS PATIENT.

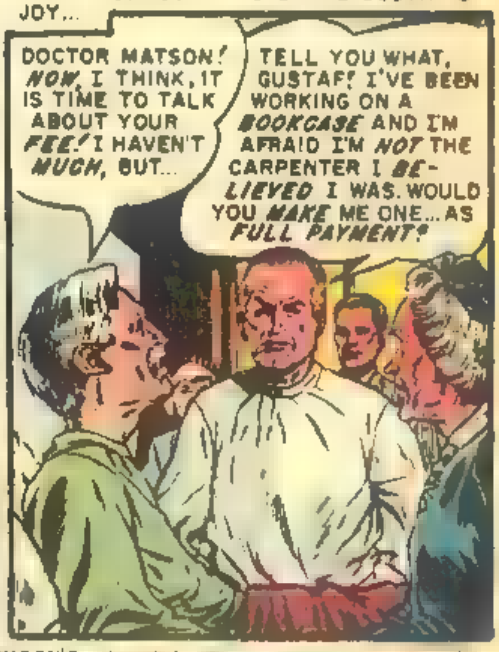


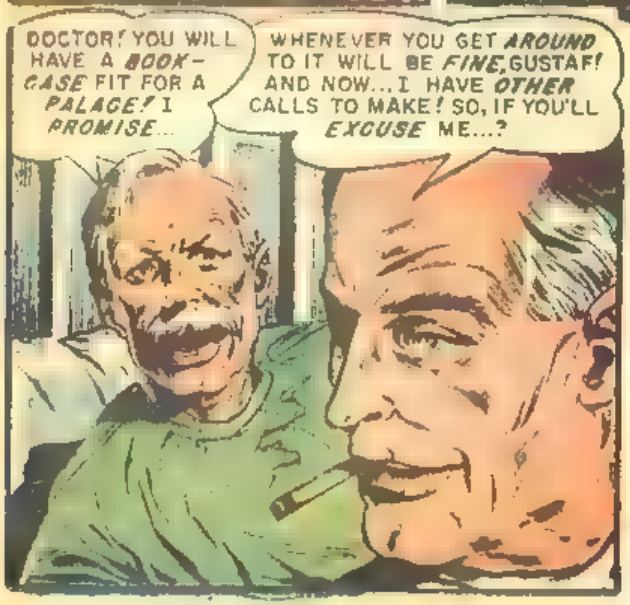
THE BANDAGES WERE REMOVED. THE PATIENT OPENED HIS RIGHT EYE...



WITH THE BANDAGES REMOVED, GUSTAF'S VISION WAS LIMITED TO LIGHTS AND SHADOWS. THEN, AFTER A FEW MOMENTS, A MISTY VEIL LIFTED...

LATER, AFTER THE SWENSON FAMILY WAS ALLOWED IN TO SHARE GUSTAF'S JOY...

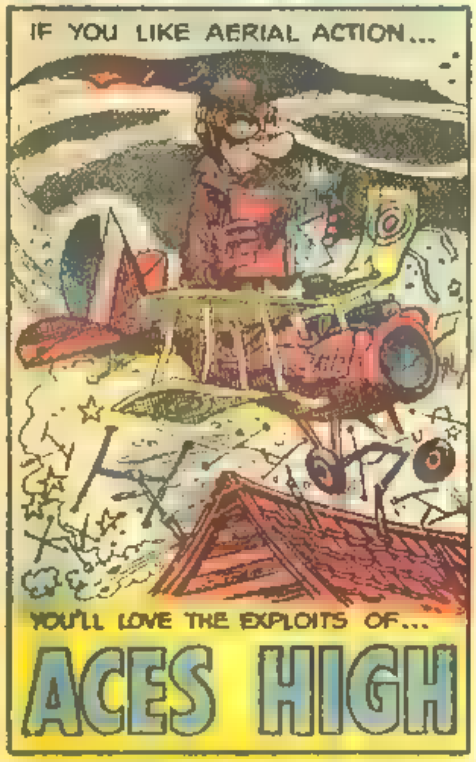


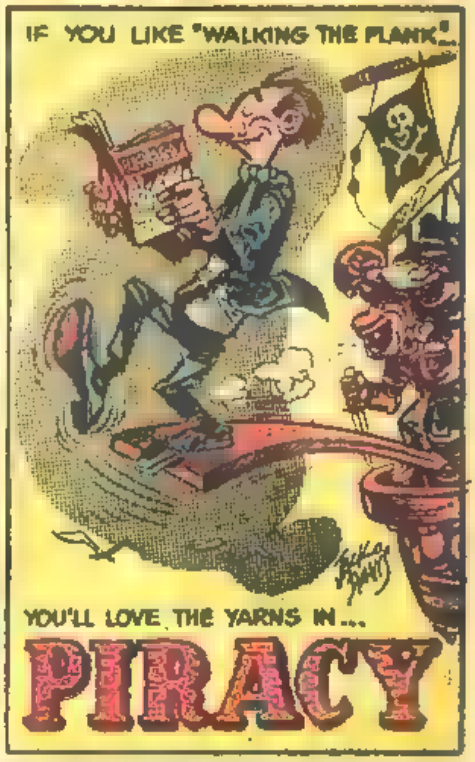


OUTSIDE GUSTAF SWENSON'S HOSPITAL ROOM, DOCTOR MATSON'S NURSE SMILED...

IF YOU LIKE NEW EXPERIENCES, YOU'LL LOVE

E.C.'S "NEW DIRECTION" MAGS





IF YOU'D LIKE TO SUBSCRIBE TO ANY OF THE ABOVE E.C. "NEW DIRECTION" MAGS, YOU'LL LOVE THE SUBSCRIPTION COUPON ON THE INSIDE FRONT COVER!

THE TRAILBLAZER

In the mid-eighteenth century there was scarcely a person in all Europe who was not marked in some way by small-pox. This virulent disease was widespread and unchecked. The death toll from it was fantastically high, while the disfigurement left by the disease affected uncounted millions. The pock-marked faces and scarred bodies of those afflicted by the disease were commonplace. Yet, it took the efforts of only one man who dared to be the trailblazer, to eliminate this dreadful disease.

Edward Jenner, an Englishman, was the man who single-handedly won the war against small-pox. His discovery of vaccination as a means of fighting the pestilence has erased it from the world today. But back in 1796, the only hope to avoid small-pox was the outside chance that it wouldn't strike. Doctors were powerless to prevent it.

Jenner, however, turned his talents towards discovering some way of fighting small-pox. He noticed that cow pox, a disease contacted from working around infected cows, had the same general appearance as small-pox. The inquisitive scientist made a culture of fluid from cow pox sores and on May 14, 1796, injected these into the arm of an eight year old boy who had been in contact with cattle that had contracted the disease. Ordinarily, the boy would have been stricken by a severe case of cow pox. With Jenner's injection, the disease was very mild, and in fact, when this same boy was vaccinated against small-pox, the lad was proven to be immune. News of Jenner's discovery spread quickly. Eagerly, people flocked to be vaccinated against small-pox, and doctors everywhere began clamoring for the vaccine. To meet this demand, Jenner lectured to groups of doctors, explaining how to prepare the vaccine.

By 1803, the Royal Jennerian Society had been established. Its purpose was to spread the practise of vaccination, especially in London. In the first 18 months, some 12,000 people was innoculated without charge. The annual average of deaths from small-pox fell from 2,018 to 622 as a result of these preventive measures. Jenner himself participated in the program, personally innoculating some three hundred people per day, as the popularity of vaccination spread.

The phenomenal success of this vaccination brought wide notice from the Continent and soon all the major nations had passed legislation requiring compulsory vaccination. The scourge of small-pox was eliminated, except in the more primitive areas of Europe such as the Balkans and the Eastern half of the continent. Jenner enjoyed tremendous renown and was honored by most of the European governments. In 1810, the death of his eldest son affected Jenner's health and he lived in semi-retirement until his death on January 24, 1823. Unlike so many others, Jenner lived to reap both spiritual and material rewards for his achievement. His place of homage is assured and deserved, for without Edward Jenner, much valuable time and many precious lives would have been lost and the ravaged, pock-marked faces of small-pox sufferers might have never been eradicated from our civilization.

EVEN FOR A WHILE

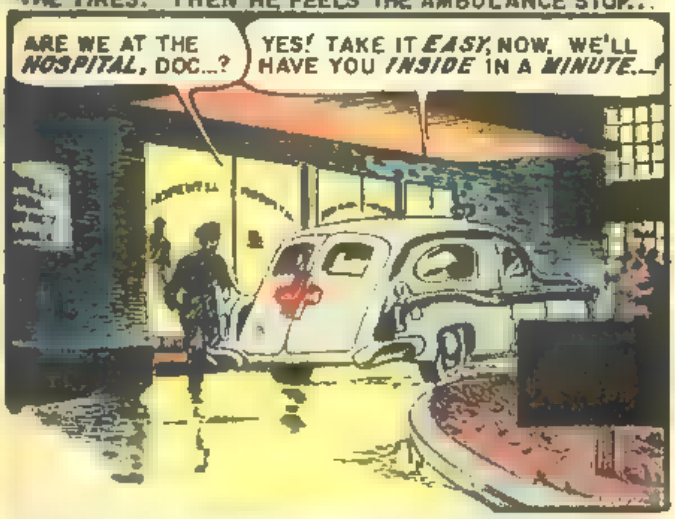
DIAGNOSIS: *Brain Tumor* PROCEDURE: *Craniotomy*

THERE'S A PEACE ABOUT THE NIGHT... ABOUT THE SOFT SINGING OF TIRES MOVING SWIFTLY OVER WET PAVEMENT. THERE'S A PEACE THAT SURMOUNTS EVEN THE PAIN, BROKEN ONLY BY THE OCCASIONAL ELEGIAC MOAN OF THE AMBULANCE SIREN. AUGUSTUS WILLIS LIES SUBMERGED IN A TWILIGHT MEETING OF PAIN AND NUMBNESS... A STAGE OF UNREALITY WHEREIN IT SEEMS ANOTHER MAN, NOT AUGIE, IS LIVING THIS QUIET DRAMA. AUGIE OPENS HIS EYES, AND WITH HIM ARE SILENT SHADOWS. THEN, THROUGH THE OBLONG WINDOW OF THE AMBULANCE, CREEPS A YELLOW PATCH OF LIGHT FROM A STREET LAMP. IT HOLDS A MAN IN ITS GLOW... HIS FACE A HAZY MASK OF CALLOUS INDIFFERENCE. AUGIE THINKS ABOUT THIS MAN...

THE YELLOW PATCH OF LIGHT MOVES ON...AND IN IT, AUGIE SEES THE WHITE-JACKETED INTERN... ALERT... LEANING FORWARD TO LOOK...TO TOUCH HIS PATIENT'S ARM REASSURINGLY...

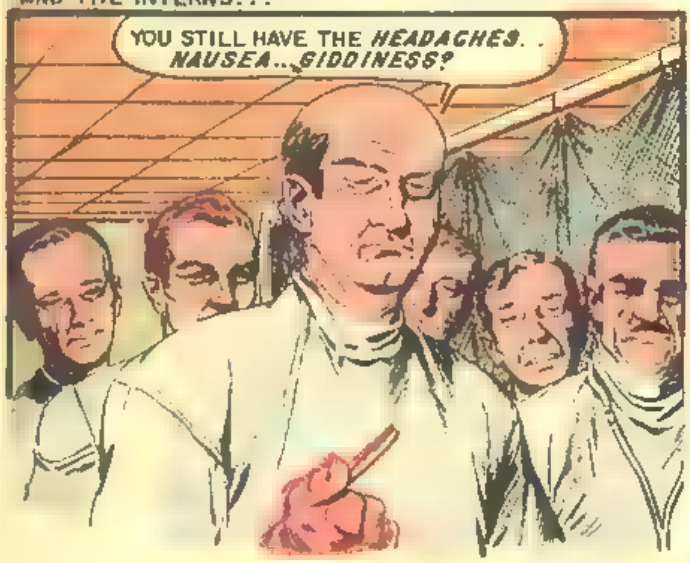
THE LIGHT EXPANDS AS THE AMBULANCE ROLLS ON, FALLING ON A SOBER, CAREWORN FACE... ON A WORRY-CREASED BROW AND TROUBLED EYES... EYES THAT HAVE BEEN WATCHING IN THE DARKNESS AS THEY DO NOW IN THE LIGHT...

THE STREET LIGHT IS LEFT BEHIND AND THE DARKNESS CREEPS BACK IN. AUGIE FEELS THE AMBULANCE TURN A CORNER AND TAKE THE SLIGHT RISE OF A DRIVEWAY. HE HEARS THE SHARP CRUNCH OF GRAVEL BENEATH THE TIRES. THEN HE FEELS THE AMBULANCE STOP...

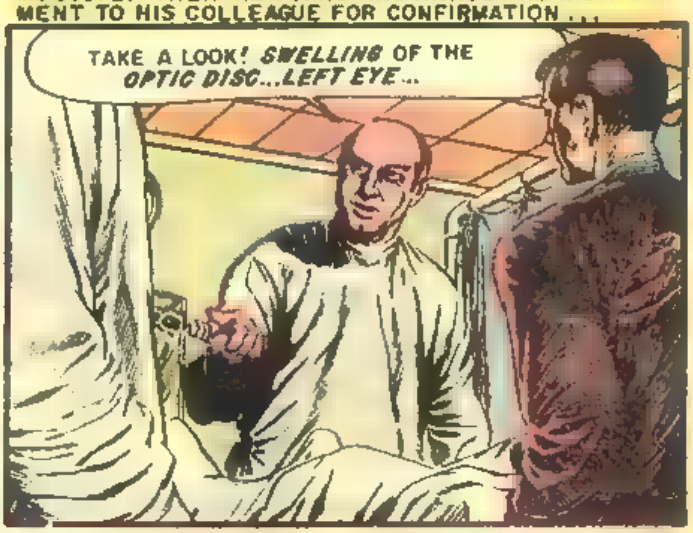


THEY ROLL HIM IN NOW, AND THE PAIN SHRIEKS OUT OVER THE NUMBNESS. AUGIE HEARS FOOTSTEPS APPROACH AND A NURSE IN A CRISP, WHITE UNIFORM SMILES AT HIM CONFIDENTLY AND NOT WITHOUT SYMPATHY. SHE MAKES SMALL TALK AS HE'S PUSHED INTO "RECEIVING"...

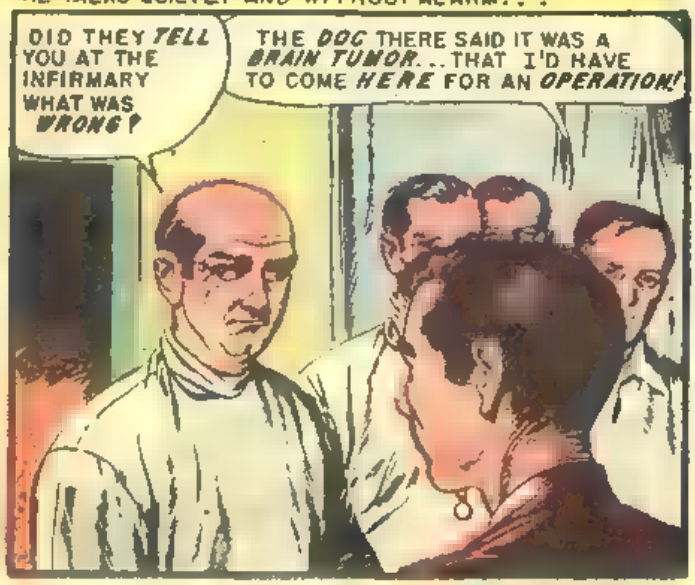
THERE'S A LARGE ROOM WITH A BED, A TABLE, AND A SCREEN. THE DOCTORS COME IN... TWO OLDER MEN AND THE INTERNS...



AUGIE NODS. THE INTERNS LIFT HIM TO A SITTING POSITION AT A GESTURE FROM THE SURGEON WHO THEN SILENTLY EXAMINES THE PATIENT WITH HIS OPHTHALMOSCOPE. THEN HE TURNS AND HANDS THE INSTRUMENT TO HIS COLLEAGUE FOR CONFIRMATION...

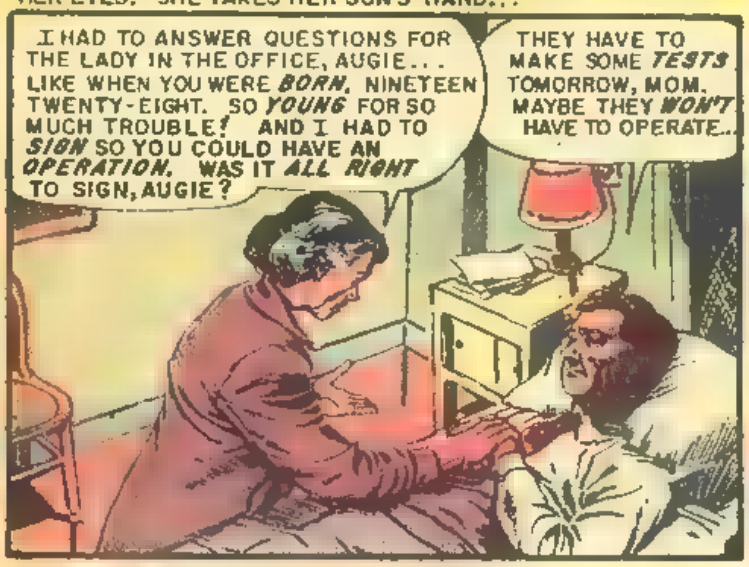


THE SURGEON'S NAME IS VOLNEY HUSTON, M.D., F.A.C.S. HE TALKS QUIETLY AND WITHOUT ALARM...

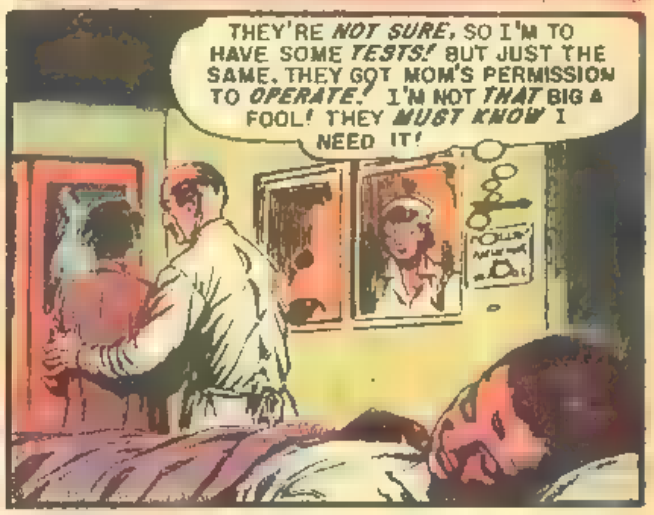


DOCTOR HUSTON NEITHER CONFIRMS NOR DENIES THAT OPINION. HE NODS TO THE INTERNS AGAIN AND THEY EASE AUGIE BACK DOWN. AS THEY ROLL HIM OUT OF THE "RECEIVING ROOM", THE SURGEON REPLIES OBLIQUELY...

THE MAN IS WAITING OUTSIDE, BUT AUGIE LOOKS PAST HIM TO MOM. SHE SMILES THINLY, A PERMANENT WELL OF TEARS IN HER EYES. SHE TAKES HER SON'S HAND...

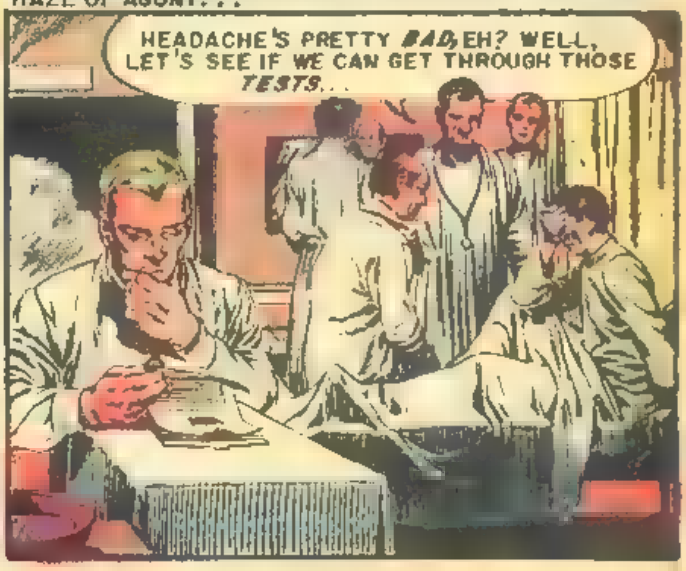


DOCTOR HUSTON GENTLY URGES AUGIE'S MOTHER TO GO HOME. SHE TAKES A LONG LOOK AT AUGIE'S ASHEN FACE AND LEAVES. AUGIE CLOSES HIS EYES, AND BECOMES AWARE OF THE HOSPITAL SMELLS... THE ACRID ANTISEPTIC SMELLS. HE SMILES...



AUGIE'S ROOM IS CLEAN... HOSPITAL CLEAN... COLD CLEAN... FRIGHTENINGLY CLEAN. HE TAKES THE TABLETS AND DRINKS THE WATER THE NURSE BRINGS... AND AFTER A WHILE, THE PAIN FADES AND HE SLEEPS. IT [redacted] STILL DARK WHEN HE AWAKENS. THE PAIN [redacted] WITH HIM AGAIN...

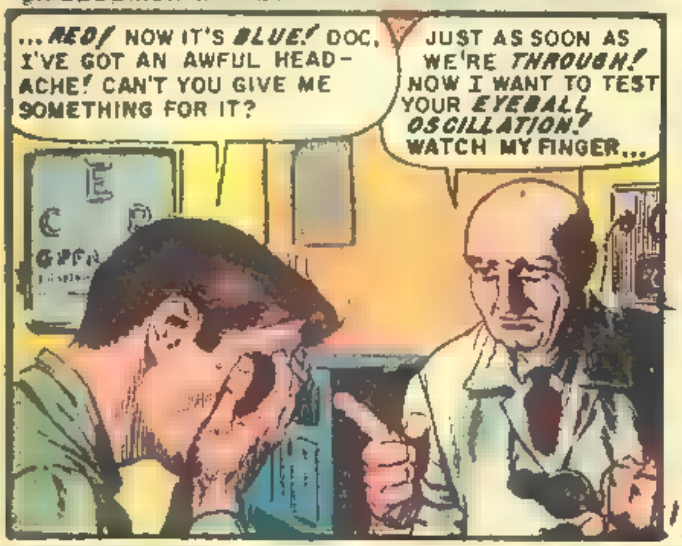
THE DARKNESS VANISHES. THE DOCTORS COME... AND THE INTERNS. AUGIE WELCOMES THEM THROUGH A RED HAZE OF AGONY...



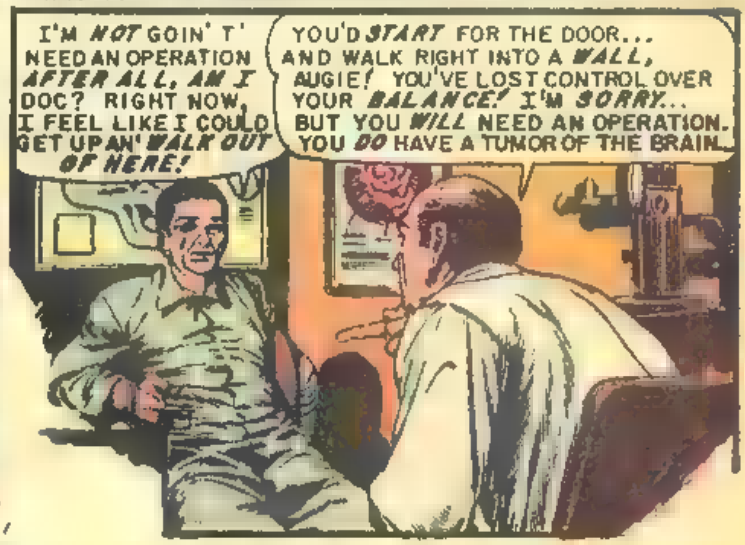
DOCTOR HUSTON GLANCES QUICKLY INTO THE PATIENT'S EYES THROUGH HIS OPHTHALMOSCOPE, BUT DOESN'T SPEAK UNTIL THEY ARE PADDING SOFTLY THROUGH THE CORRIDOR, WHEELING AUGIE BEFORE THEM...

THE INTERNS AVIDLY DRINK IN EVERY STEP OF THE LENGTHY EXAMINATIONS FOR *FIELD OF VISION*... *REACTION TO COLOR*... *SCOTOMA*... *NYSTAGMUS*. AUGIE CONCENTRATES, GAZING AT THE CROSSBARS, WITH THE WHITE SPOTS [redacted] EACH EXTREMITY ROTATING SLOWLY BEFORE HIM...

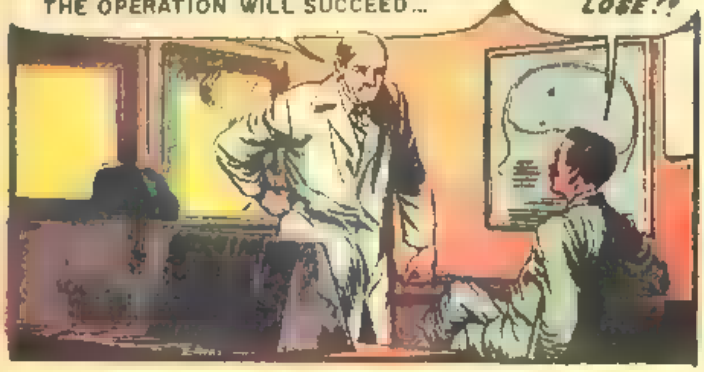
IT IS AN ENDLESS STRAIN FOR AUGIE TO CONCENTRATE ON THE REVOLVING DISC WITH ITS RED AND BLUE SPOTS...TO ANSWER WHEN IT APPEARS RED... OR BLUE...OR WHITE...



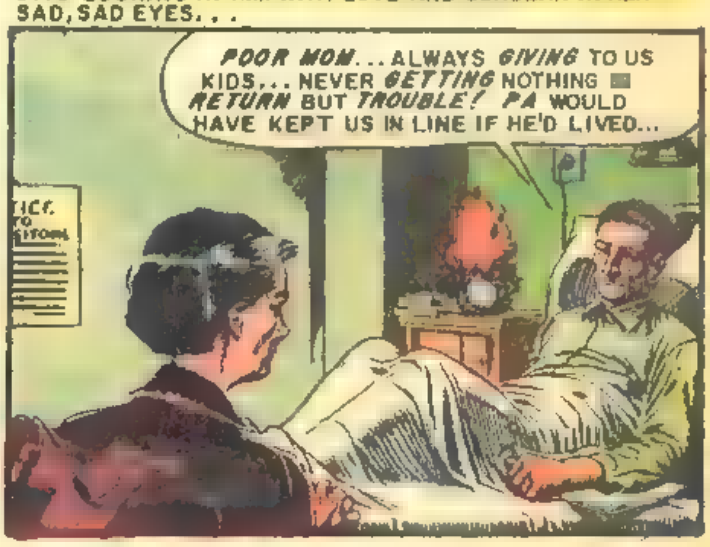
FINALLY, THE EXAMINATION OVER AND A VEIL OF RELIEF DROPS OVER AUGIE FROM THE SEDATION THEY GIVE HIM.. ENDOWING HIM WITH A DROWSY LIGHTNESS...A SENSE OF WELL-BEING...



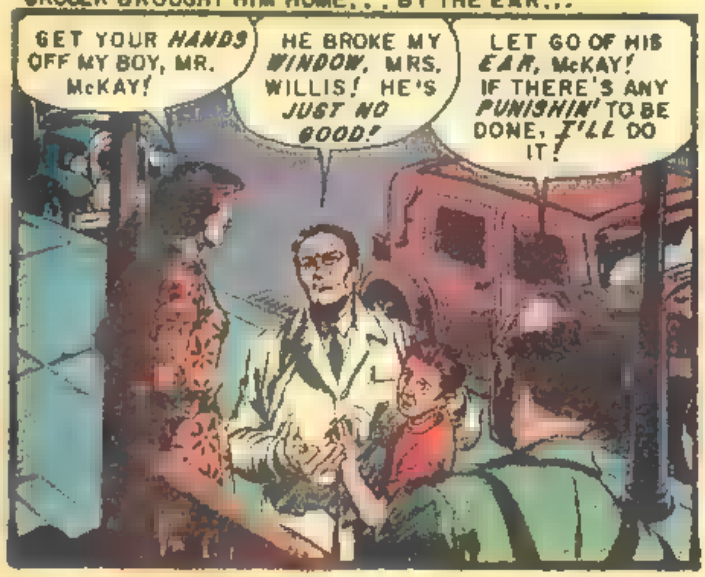
DOCTOR HUSTON SPEAKS MATTER-OF-FACTLY...



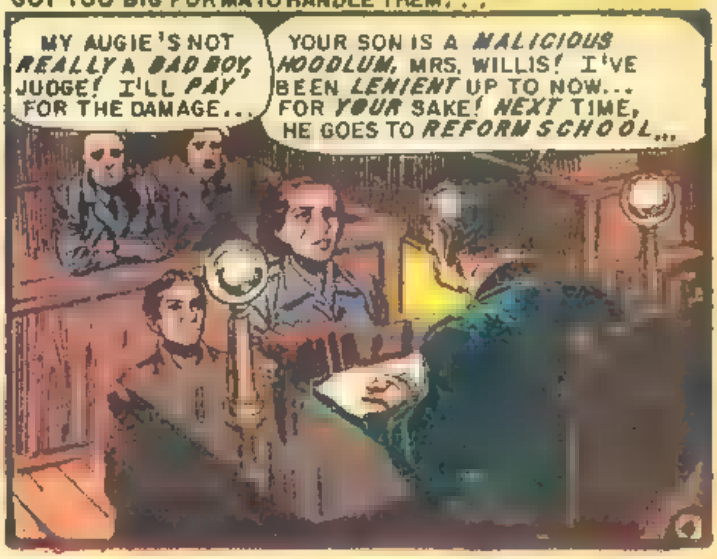
MRS. WILLIS, AUGIE'S MOTHER, COMES LATER. SHE HAS FLOWERS FOR HIM. SHE ASKS THE FEW QUESTIONS... HOW HE FEELS...DID HE SLEEP WELL? BUT MOSTLY, SHE SITS LOOKING AT HIM WITH LOVE AND CONCERN IN HER SAD, SAD EYES...

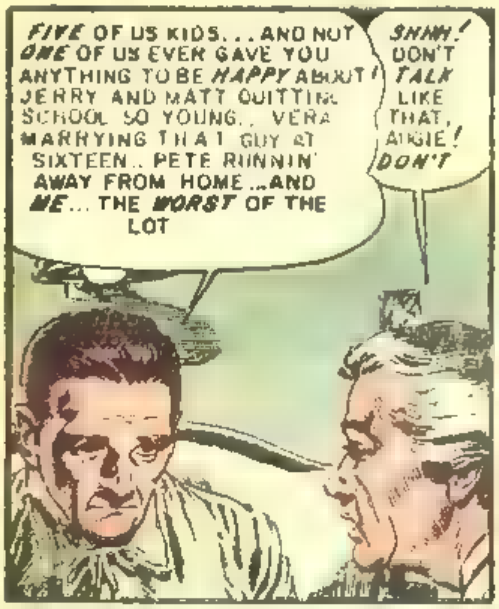


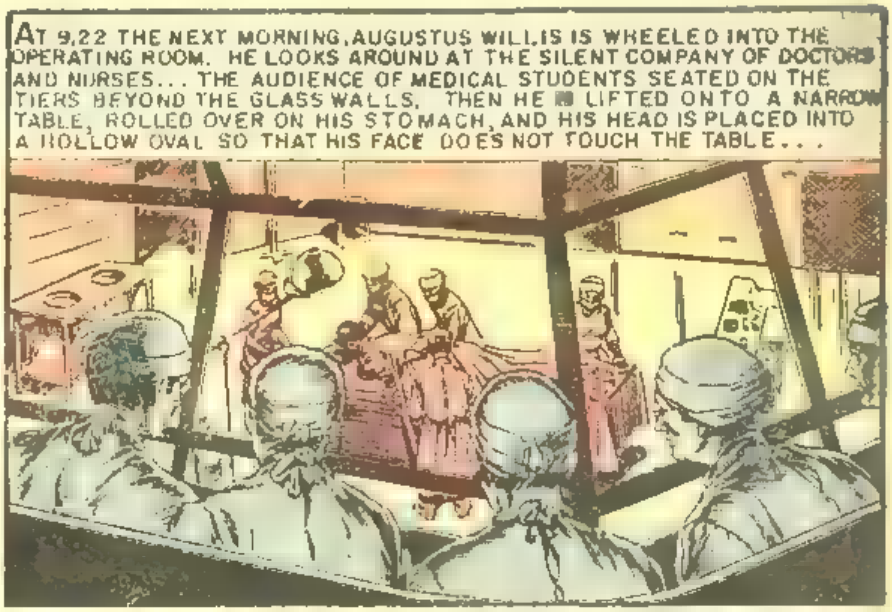
IT'S THE FIRST TIME IN A LONG WHILE THAT AUGIE TALKS OF HIS FATHER. HE REMEMBERS BACK TO WHEN THE GROCER BROUGHT HIM HOME... BY THE EAR...



PA USED TO WHALE THE TAR OUT OF AUGIE AND THE OTHER KIDS WHEN THEY'D NEED IT... AND THEY'D STAY GOOD FOR A LONG TIME. BUT PA DIED... AND THE BOYS GOT TOO BIG FOR MA TO HANDLE THEM...




FIVE OF US KIDS... AND NOT ONE OF US EVER GAVE YOU ANYTHING TO BE HAPPY ABOUT! JERRY AND MATT QUITTING SCHOOL SO YOUNG... VERA MARRYING THAT GUY AT SIXTEEN.. PETE RUNNIN' AWAY FROM HOME...AND ME... THE WORST OF THE LOT
SHHH! DON'T TALK LIKE THAT, AUGIE! DON'T


AT 9.22 THE NEXT MORNING, AUGUSTUS WILLIS IS WHEELED INTO THE OPERATING ROOM. HE LOOKS AROUND AT THE SILENT COMPANY OF DOCTORS AND NURSES... THE AUDIENCE OF MEDICAL STUDENTS SEATED ON THE TIERS BEYOND THE GLASS WALLS. THEN HE LIFTED ONTO A NARROW TABLE, ROLLED OVER ON HIS STOMACH, AND HIS HEAD IS PLACED INTO A HOLLOW OVAL SO THAT HIS FACE DOES NOT TOUCH THE TABLE...

AUGIE HEARS THE SOUND OF A SMALL MACHINE..
HEY! YOU GUYS OPERATING WITHOUT PUTTING ME OUT...?
NO, AUGIE! WE'RE REMOVING YOUR HAIR...SHAVING YOUR SCALP...

THEN AUGIE FEELS A TINGLING SENSATION ON THE TOP OF HIS HEAD.. AN INJECTION...
WE'RE GIVING YOU A LOCAL ANAESTHETIC, AUGIE!

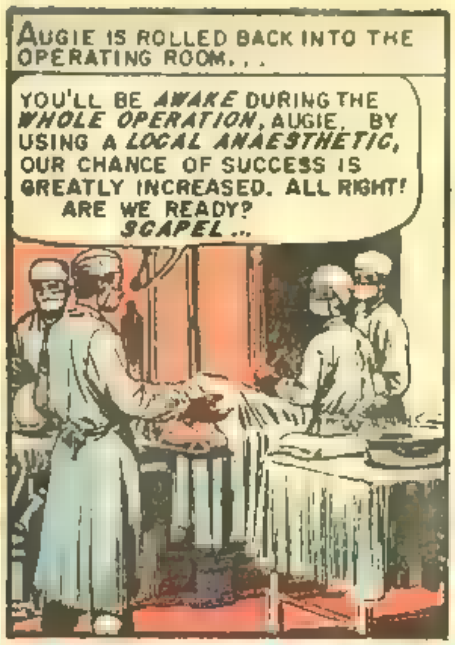
THE ANAESTHETIC TAKES EFFECT DOCTOR HUSTON TURNS TO THE INSTRUMENT NURSE...
TREPHINE...

THE TREPHINE... A CYLINDRICAL SAW-DRILL... IS NOW USED. THERE IS NO PAIN...ONLY A DULL SENSATION...
WE'RE DOING THIS IN ORDER TO DRAIN OFF THE FLUID...

...SO THAT WE CAN GET A CLEAR PICTURE OF YOUR BRAIN WITH OUR X-RAY MACHINE...

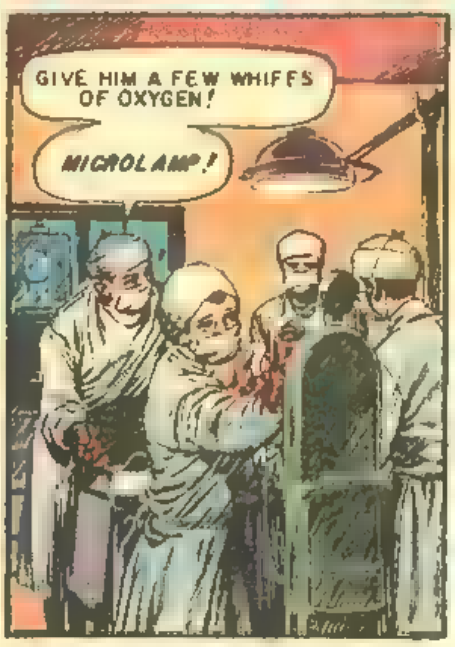
THEN AUGIE FEELS HIMSELF BEING ROLLED OUT OF THE OPERATING ROOM...
WE'RE TAKING YOU INTO X-RAY NOW, AUGIE...

THE X-RAY PICTURES ARE TAKEN AND AUGIE WAITS. THE MINUTES CRAWL THE PICTURES ARE DEVELOPED.. STUDIED...
IT'S CLEARLY VISIBLE IN THIS PLATE... RIGHT PORTION OF THE CEREBELLUM, JUST BENEATH THE PIA MATER...
LET'S GO TO WORK...


AUGIE IS ROLLED BACK INTO THE OPERATING ROOM...
YOU'LL BE AWAKE DURING THE WHOLE OPERATION, AUGIE. BY USING A LOCAL ANAESTHETIC, OUR CHANCE OF SUCCESS IS GREATLY INCREASED. ALL RIGHT! ARE WE READY? SCAPEL...

TREPHINE...

FORCEPS...
BLOOD PRESSURE, NORMAL. RESPIRATION, POOR...

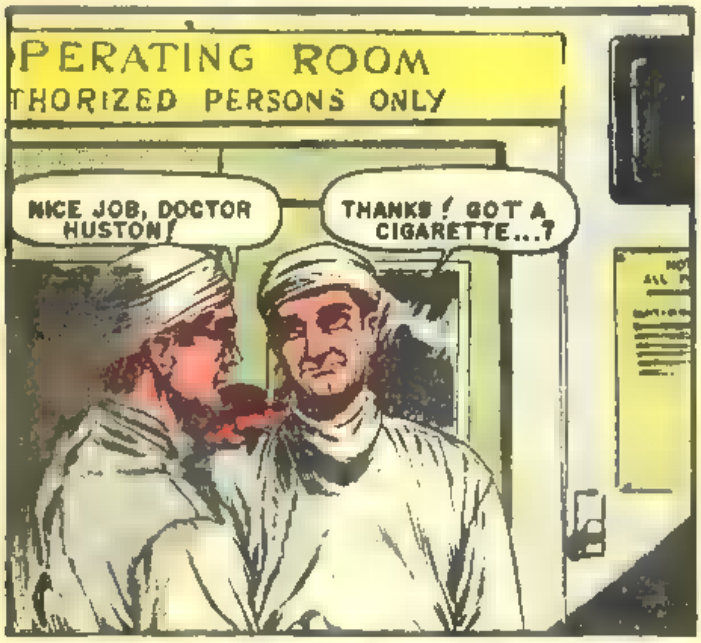

GIVE HIM A FEW WHIFFS OF OXYGEN!
MICROLAMP!

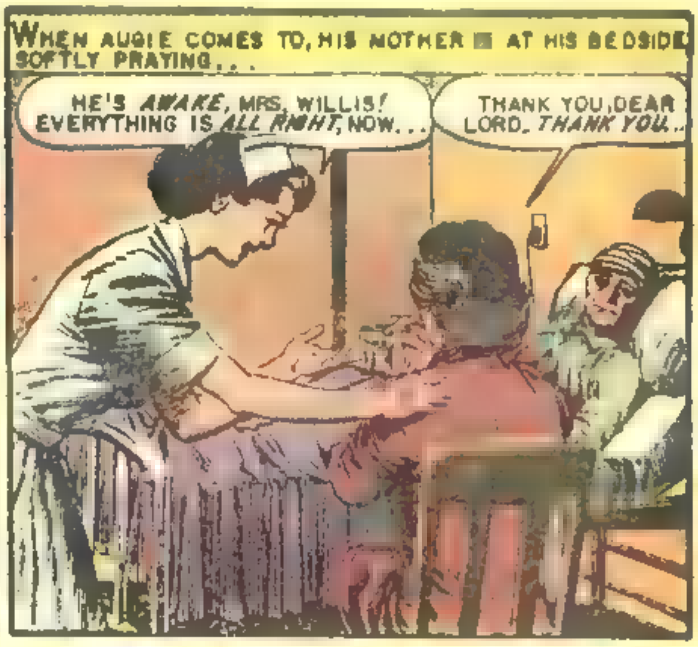
THERE IT IS...

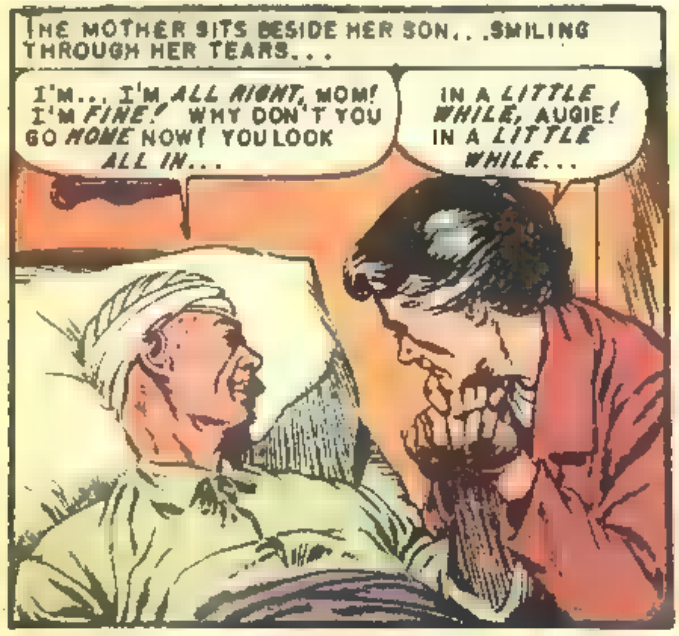
ELECTRIC NEEDLE...

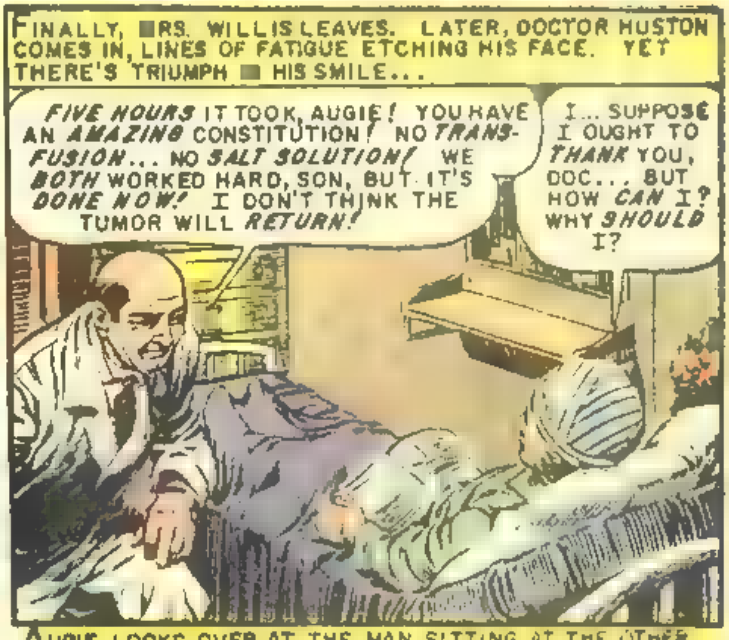
LIGHTED SCALPEL...

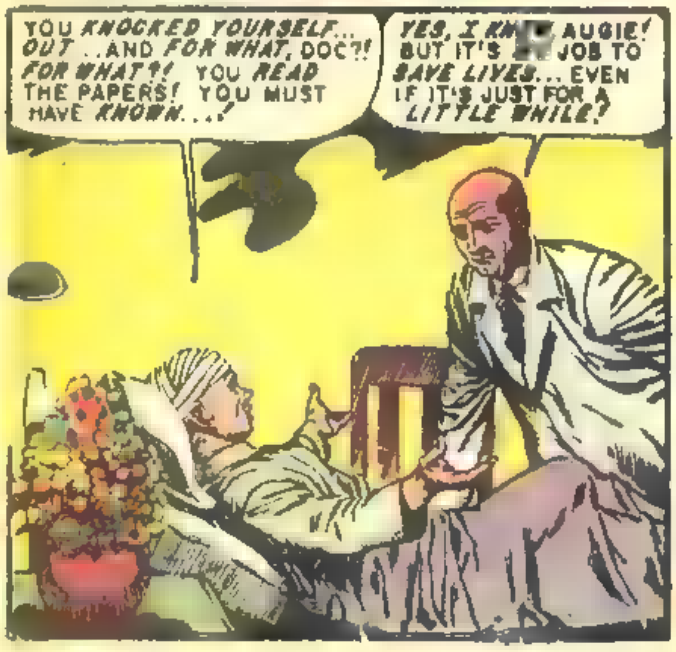
DONE!

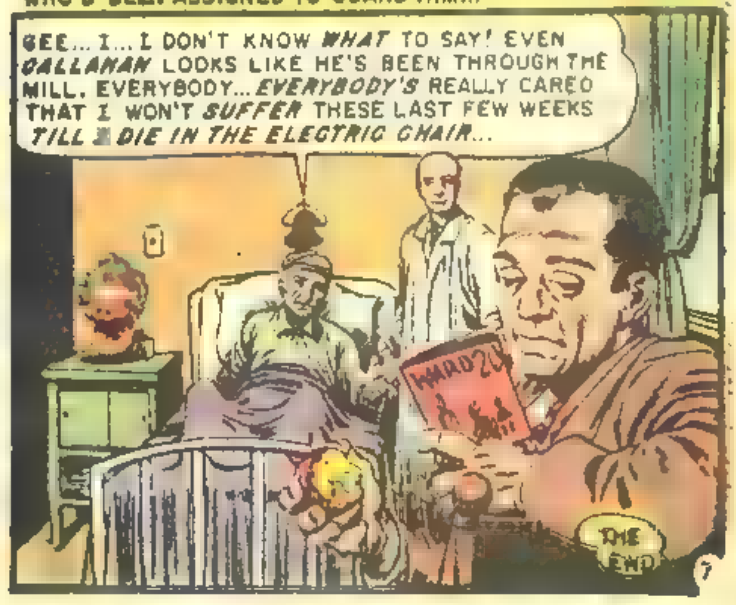

PERATING ROOM
THORIZED PERSONS ONLY
NICE JOB, DOCTOR HUSTON!
THANKS! GOT A CIGARETTE...?


WHEN AUGIE COMES TO, HIS MOTHER IS AT HIS BEDSIDE SOFTLY PRAYING...
HE'S AWAKE, MRS. WILLIS! EVERYTHING IS ALL RIGHT, NOW...
THANK YOU, DEAR LORD. THANK YOU...


THE MOTHER SITS BESIDE HER SON...SMILING THROUGH HER TEARS...
I'M... I'M ALL RIGHT, MOM! I'M FINE! WHY DON'T YOU GO HOME NOW! YOU LOOK ALL IN...
IN A LITTLE WHILE, AUGIE! IN A LITTLE WHILE...


FINALLY, MRS. WILLIS LEAVES. LATER, DOCTOR HUSTON COMES IN, LINES OF FATIGUE ETCHING HIS FACE. YET THERE'S TRIUMPH IN HIS SMILE...
FIVE HOURS IT TOOK, AUGIE! YOU HAVE AN AMAZING CONSTITUTION! NO TRANSFUSION... NO SALT SOLUTION! WE BOTH WORKED HARD, SON, BUT IT'S DONE NOW! I DON'T THINK THE TUMOR WILL RETURN!
I... SUPPOSE I OUGHT TO THANK YOU, DOC... BUT HOW CAN I? WHY SHOULD I?


YOU KNOCKED YOURSELF... OUT ..AND FOR WHAT, DOC?! FOR WHAT?! YOU READ THE PAPERS! YOU MUST HAVE KNOWN...!
YES, I KNEW, AUGIE! BUT IT'S MY JOB TO SAVE LIVES... EVEN IF IT'S JUST FOR A LITTLE WHILE!


AUGIE LOOKS OVER AT THE MAN SITTING AT THE OTHER END OF THE ROOM, THE PLAIN-CLOTHES POLICEMAN WHO'D BEEN ASSIGNED TO GUARD HIM...
GEE... I... I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY! EVEN GALLAHAN LOOKS LIKE HE'S BEEN THROUGH THE MILL. EVERYBODY... EVERYBODY'S REALLY CARED THAT I WON'T SUFFER THESE LAST FEW WEEKS TILL I DIE IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR...
THE END

Picture yourself going places

You've done it often. Call it day-dreaming if you like, but you've seen yourself in a bigger job — giving orders and making decisions — driving off in a smart new car — buying your family a fine home.

There's nothing wrong with dreams. But how about making them come true? *You can do it,* if you're willing to try!

Look around you. The men who are going places are the *trained* men. They've learned special skills that bring them better jobs and higher pay. It's the men *without* training whose dreams never come true.

What are you going to do about it? Just wait and wish? If you *really want to succeed,* you can get the training you need by studying at home in your spare time. International Correspondence Schools offer you a course in just about any field you choose, giving you the practical plus the bedrock facts and theory. No skimming or skimping! And you'll be earning while you learn. Students report better jobs and more pay within a few months.

Look over the list of subjects in the coupon below. Pick out the one that interests you most — the one that holds the greatest future for you. Then mark the coupon, and mail it today. *Find out* what I. C. S. can do for you. It costs only a stamp or postcard, but it's the first step if you want to go places!

SMARTEST THING HE EVER DID

"I noticed that the trained men held the better jobs. That's when I decided to take an I. C. S. course. Enrolling with I. C. S. was one of the smartest things I ever did. The position as Plant Engineer I hold today is largely due to the 'know-how' derived from my I. C. S. texts. I. C. S. can help any man who will study."

L. P. S., Elkhart, Ind.

FREE BOOKS "1. 36-page, pocket-size guide to advancement, "How to Succeed." 2. Big catalog on career that interests you. 3. Free sample lesson."

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Without cost or obligation, send me (1) "HOW to SUCCEED," (2) sample lesson and (3) the opportunity booklet about the field BEFORE which I have marked X:

ARCHITECTURE and BUILDING CONSTRUCTION
- ☐ Air Conditioning—Refrig.
- ☐ Architecture
- ☐ Architectural Interior
- ☐ Building Contractor
- ☐ Building Maintenance
- ☐ Carpenter and Mill Work
- ☐ Estimating
- ☐ Heating
- ☐ Painting Contractor
- ☐ Plumbing
- ☐ Reading Arch. Blueprints

ART
- ☐ Cartooning
- ☐ Commercial Art
- ☐ Fashion Illustrating
- ☐ Magazine Illustrating
- ☐ Show Card and Sign Lettering
- ☐ Sketching and Painting

AUTOMOTIVE
- ☐ Auto Body Rebuilding
- ☐ Auto Elec. Technician
- ☐ Auto-Engine Tune Up
- ☐ Automobile Mechanic

AVIATION
- ☐ Aeronautical Engineering Jr.
- ☐ Aircraft & Engine Mechanic

BUSINESS
- ☐ Advertising
- ☐ Bookkeeping and Accounting
- ☐ Business Administration
- ☐ Business Correspondence
- ☐ Public Accounting
- ☐ Creative Salesmanship
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- ☐ Professional Secretary
- ☐ Retail Business Management
- ☐ Sales Management
- ☐ Stenographic-Secretarial
- ☐ Traffic Management

CHEMISTRY
- ☐ Analytical Chemistry
- ☐ Chemical Engineering
- ☐ Chem. Lab. Technician
- ☐ General Chemistry
- ☐ Natural Gas Prod. & Trans
- ☐ Petroleum Engineering
- ☐ Plastics
- ☐ Pulp and Paper Making

CIVIL, STRUCTURAL ENGINEERING
- ☐ Civil Engineering
- ☐ Construction Engineering
- ☐ Highway Engineering
- ☐ Reading Struct. Blueprints
- ☐ Sanitary Engineering
- ☐ Structural Engineering
- ☐ Surveying and Mapping

DRAFTING
- ☐ Aircraft Drafting
- ☐ Architectural Drafting
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- ☐ Mechanical Drafting
- ☐ Mine Surveying and Mapping
- ☐ Plumbing Drawing and Estimating
- ☐ Structural Drafting

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- ☐ Commercial ☐ Good English
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- ☐ Machine Shop Practice
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- ☐ Textile Eng'r'g ☐ Throwing
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- ☐ Domestic Refrigeration
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HERE'S HOW YOU CAN GET PAID UP TO $4,205.00 A YEAR TO START

PREPARE NOW FOR 1955 EXAMINATIONS

MEN—WOMEN, 18-55 • VETS GET PREFERENCE

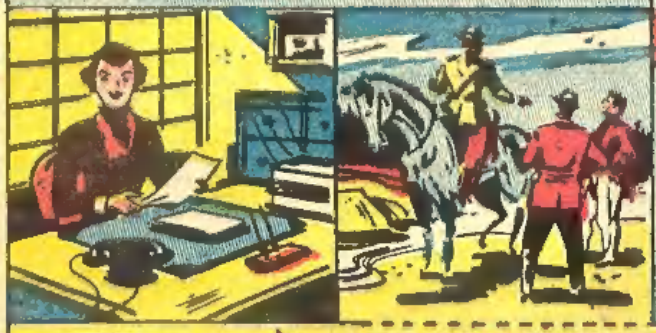
Grade School Education Required

RAILWAY MAIL CLERK

Railway Mail Clerks get $3,470.00 the first year of regular employment, paid on the 1st and 15th of each month ($144.58 each pay day). Their pay is automatically increased yearly to $4,270.00. Further promotions can be made to Supt. at Large, with pay up to $6,770.00 a year. Road duty usually is for three to seven days, with equal time off at full pay. Men only.

POSTAL CLERK, CITY OR RURAL CARRIER

Clerks and Carriers now get $3,470.00 the first year of regular employment and automatically increase $100 a year to $4,070.00. Open to men and women 18-50. Clerks and Carriers can be promoted to Foreman, Supt. of Mails, Cashier, Assistant Postmaster, and similar positions with salaries ranging from $4,570.00 to $8,470.00 a year.



OFFICE CLERK, BORDER PATROL, OTHERS

Many other positions are available: Office Clerks ($2,500.00 to $3,795.00 to start), Border Patrolmen ($3,795.00 to start), Immigrant Inspectors ($4,205.00 to start), Stenographer-Typist ($2,750.00 to $3,175.00 to start), Inspector of Customs ($4,205.00). Send TODAY for FREE detailed information on these and other government jobs.

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(NOT GOVERNMENT SPONSORED)

Rush to me, entirely FREE: (1) Sample test questions; (2) List of available positions; (3) Free copy of your illustrated 36-page book, "How To Get a U.S. Government Job." Tell me how to qualify for one of these jobs.

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Street ..... Yet? .....

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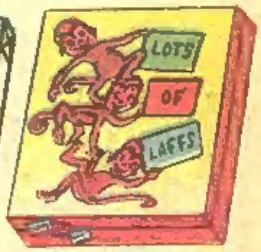
$40.00 IS YOURS

for selling only 50 boxes of our 300 greeting card line. And this can be done in a single day. Free samples. Other boxes on approval. Mail coupon below today.

It costs you nothing to try.

Last year some folks made $250—$500—$1,000 and more this very way. Church groups and organizations can do this, too. No experience necessary.

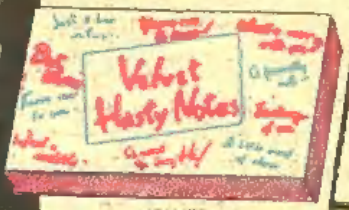
BEST WISHES ALL OCCASION ASSORTMENT
21 luxurious cards—including gold bronzing, dainty hand finishing, matching pastel envelopes



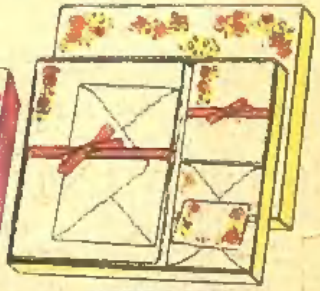
LOTS OF LAFFS HUMOROUS EVERYDAY ASSORTMENT
Novel animated cards—including original cut-outs, 3-dimensional pop out features, bell attachments and 36" novelty card

DELUXE EVERYDAY GIFT WRAPPING ENSEMBLE
20 large multi-color 20" x 30" sheets in a fascinating variety of designs—plus matching seals and gift tags

TALL BEAUTIES ALL OCCASION ASSORTMENT
Unusual tall cards—all gold bronzed, beautifully embossed



VELVET HASTY NOTES
French folders with friendly messages on front in luminous rose and blue velvet



BLOSSOM TIME STATIONERY ENSEMBLE
Embossed floral design, with gold bronzing, dainty scalloped borders—ribbon-tied

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I Get 29 Miles a Gallon From My Car — Why Can't You?

SPECIAL NOTE!

This story is completely true. This car exists — in Milford, Pennsylvania. The owner of this car is not a handyman — he had never touched the engine of his car before September 18, 1953.

And yet, in one working day, this man got 14 miles MORE per gallon from his car. He increased the horsepower of his car by 20%. He tripled the number of miles he could drive without changing his oil.

And he did this without buying one single piece of equipment — without making one major change anywhere on that car!

Here is his amazing story, told in his own words. And here is the complete proof — the simple, step-by-step instructions that show YOU how to equal this performance how to save this gas — how to practically double the horsepower of your car — and start doing it — TODAY!

By WALTER ALSTON

Let me start this way. I own a 1952 Chevie. I'm the original owner. I've driven the car some 27,000 miles. Until six months ago, this car was no better or worse than any other automobile on the highway.

Until six months ago, I'd been getting 16 miles a gallon from my car on the open road. Today, I get 29 miles a gallon. Six months ago it took me 20 seconds to accelerate from zero to 60 miles an hour. Today, I make it in 15 seconds flat. I leave other Chevies a half-block behind at the lights. And they wouldn't believe it if I told them that I'm using less gas than they are!

Now, I'm no mechanic. Until six months ago, I never really touched the engine of my car. I bought no expensive tools. I made no major mechanical changes, because I **couldn't** make them. I didn't spend one red penny for "gimmicks" or "gas savers" of any kind. The only difference between my car today—and the performance that you can get out of your car one day or one week or one month from now—lies in a few simple, scientific facts. I learned these facts from some of the country's top automotive engineers. I'd like to give them to you — right now!

This Is What Automotive Engineers Discovered About Your Car!

1. These engineers learned that the average driver probably WASTES 2 to 2½ gallons of gas out of every 10 — simply because no one has ever taught him the few professional secrets of smart driving! That he doesn't know how to avoid second gear—and save **40% of the gasoline he now uses,** every time he touches his shift. That he doesn't know how to beat stop-and-go driving and save **75% of the gasoline he now uses,** every time he pulls away from a light. That he does not know the right way to warm up his engine—and **save 90% to 95% of the gasoline he now uses,** every time he pulls away from his garage. And that if he could learn these few simple tricks, then he could increase his mileage by 3-5-7 miles a gallon **immediately**—without touching a single tool —without lifting up his hood.

2. These experts learned than an additional 2 to 3 gallons out of every ten **are wasted** in the engine of your car. That not one drop of that gasoline goes to move your wheels an inch. That this wasted gasoline is burned up to beat the unnecessary friction in your engine . . . that it leaks out of the cracks and holes in your engine . . . that it's never exploded— **that its power goes out the exhaust instead of the wheels.** These men discovered that if you could find a lubricant that reduced that friction . . . if you could find a sealer, that trapped that power . . . if you could find a compressor that increased that explosion—then you would automatically save that wasted gasoline—you would increase that mileage by an additional 3 to 7 miles a gallon—and you would end up with as much as 8-10 and 12 and even 14 extra miles a gallon.

3. And at the same time—because you were getting more punch from your engine—you would automatically get faster pick-up . . . greater acceleration . . . more jump every time you touched a pedal. You would help prevent major repairs — because you could stop minor disturbances before they could grow. And you would be able to drive an automobile that gives you new-car power . . . new-car economy . . . new-car dependability for as much as 75,000 to 90,000 miles!

Save Up To 50% On Your Car Bills — This Year Alone!

This is just the beginning! Suppose that you could have these very same experts — these Indianapolis mechanics . . . Detroit engineers . . . and United States government scientists!—RIGHT AT YOUR ELBOW 24 hours a day!

Suppose these experts showed you simple 2-minute adjustments to your spark plugs that added as much as 2 to 3 miles per gallon to your car . . . plus an easy trick with your tires, that added as much as 4 miles per gallon to your car . . . plus a way that you could switch one single wire in your engine and save up to 40 gallons on your winter driving!

Suppose these experts gave you the trick of automatically cleaning the waste, sludge, carbon out of your engine, and adding as much as 3 years to the life of your car . . . plus the secret of adding as much as 10,000 miles to your tires without even picking up a tool . . . plus wonderful 2-minute tips on what to do when your battery or engine or radiator failed . . . so you could start that "dead" battery without a push or tow . . . so you could prevent that radiator from overheating even in the worst traffic . . . so you could start that engine in minutes even in below freezing weather.

Get Up To 14 Miles More Per Gallon From Your Car!

This is exactly what a brand-new book, HOW TO DOUBLE THE PERFORMANCE OF YOUR CAR — does for you. This book is guaranteed to save you up to 60% or 70% of your present oil bills . . . up to 80% of your present repair bills . . . and to add as much as $200 to $250 to the resale value of your car.

Here are dozens of gas-saving tricks that can save you $100 to $150 in gas bills—this year alone!

Here's how to get an extra 20% . . . 25% . . . 30% **more power** from your car without spending a penny — the power you need to get out of trouble on the highway . . . to zoom away from other cars at the lights. Here's how to add 5-10 miles an hour to your top speed . . . how to drive up to 5,000 miles safely—without changing your oil! Here's how to get 25,000 more miles from your tires without touching a tool . . . how to stop steering wheel "play" . . . how to prevent your windshield from fogging up during the winter . . . how to fix a stuck horn . . . how to instantly get out of snow or sand without a tow!

Save Up To $100 in Repair Bills This Season Alone!

Here's the easy, quick way to make dents and scratches disappear — for good — how to remove rust from chrome, keep it sparkling bright, for years. How to make your own carbed — "customize" your car . . . restyle your grill . . . make your own "Continental Rear Tire" for less than $10 . . . how to lower your car . . . how to "soup up" your car for more power and mileage!

Here is your Complete Fix-It-Yourself Section that may save you $100 to $150 this season alone! Here's how to prevent the most costly breakdowns — before they happen! How to prevent carbon and valve jobs—major clutch replacements—carburetor, brake and starting failures. Simple step-by-step picture directions show you how to adjust brakes yourself and save $5! Repair a clutch yourself and save $13. Add new life to your battery and save as much as $18! Fix a leaky radiator and save $20!

Here's exactly what to do when your engine won't start—when your engine misses—if your engine stalls or floods —if you use too much oil—if your engine idles rough—black exhaust smoke —poor acceleration — labors — overheats — pings — knocks, shimmies — wanders and dozens more!

Here's a quick, 3-minute way to free sticking valves, without touching a tool! A 20-second way to prevent oil waste. How to get faster warm-ups in winter. Here's an emergency road flare that doesn't cost a penny . . . how to make anti-freeze last for two, or more seasons. How to tell whether or not you really need a ring job, and perhaps save up to $250 on your car. Car repair books have sold separately for as high as $5 apiece! But now this amazing new car owner's fix-it-yourself section is yours as just one part of this amazing book! ACT TODAY!

Try It At Our Risk!

You can't buy "How To Double The Performance of Your Car" in a store. It sells for $1.98 plus postage — less than you'll save on your first minor repair. Try this book for 30 days. If you're not completely satisfied return for your full money back.

Here Is Authentic Documentation

NOTE: The information listed below is obtainable at your public library or through the publishers listed. These pamphlets should be read by every American driver.

ON REPAIRS!
THE REPAIR MAN WILL GYP YOU IF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT,
by Roger W. Reiss, Published by the Reader's Digest, July, 1941

ON GAS MILEAGE!
150 MILES A GALLON IS POSSIBLE,
by E. H. Burgess

INCREASED FUEL ECONOMY,
by Plymouth Division, Chrysler Corporation

ON OIL MILEAGE!
OIL DOES NOT WEAR OUT MECHANICALLY,
United States Bureau of Standards Bulletin [illegible]

CHANGE YOUR OIL, MISTER,
by Jack Harrison Pollock, True Magazine, June, 1952

FREE!

Up to $3 Retail Value!

Up to 2-4 Miles More Per Gallon, Instantly, say thousands of users!

Probably the most widely-sold automotive equipment in the world! OVER HALF A MILLION DRIVERS have paid up to $3 a set to put these amazing Air Bleed Needles on their cars! *But we have bought out an entire factory at a sacrifice price! For this one advertisement only, they are yours as a FREE gift, even if you return the book! But you must act TODAY! After our limited supply is gone, they must return to the $3 price!*

Here is how they work: If you have a six-cylinder car, you need only *one* Needle (regular price — $1.50). If you have an eight-cylinder car, you need *two* Needles (regular price—$3.00). In either case, you simply unscrew the old Idling Adjustment Needle on your carburetor, and put in the new. THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT! You can do it in 60 seconds . . . without even dirtying your hands!

Once they're in, the purpose of these Air Bleed Needles is TO STOP YOUR CAR FROM WASTING GAS IN STOP-AND-GO-DRIVING — to save you as much as 2 to 4 miles a gallon on your stop-and-go driving! *If you use your car to go shopping . . . if you drive to work . . . if you have to fight traffic as much as once a week, then we believe you'll bless the day you first put this equipment in your car!*

REMEMBER, THIS IS PROBABLY YOUR ONLY CHANCE TO GET THESE AMAZING AIR BLEED NEEDLES AS A FREE GIFT!

Eugene Stevens, Inc.
Dept. *EC-7*
400 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Act Today! Send This Coupon Now

EUGENE STEVENS, INC., DEPT. *EC-7*
400 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Without obligation, please rush me the brand-new one-volume car library, HOW TO DOUBLE THE PERFORMANCE OF YOUR CAR. I understand this book is completely guaranteed. I agree to pay on arrival, only $1.98 plus postage. Also send me as your extra Gift Premium, the amazing Air Bleed Needles, mine as a gift. If not completely satisfied within 30 days, I will return book for my full money back.

NAME _____
(please print in pencil)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE ____ STATE _____

MAKE OF CAR _____ YEAR _____

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Your chance to be a ventriloquist. Throw your voice into trunks, behind doors, and everywhere. Instrument fits in your mouth and out of sight. You'll fool the teacher, your friends, and your family and have fun doing it. Free book on "How to Become a Ventriloquist."

No. 137 _____ 25¢

First chop a cigarette in two in either hole. Then put finger in top hole and cigarette in lower. The cigarette is cut, but your finger is unharmed. Thrilling. Full instructions included.

No. 222 ____ Only 1.00

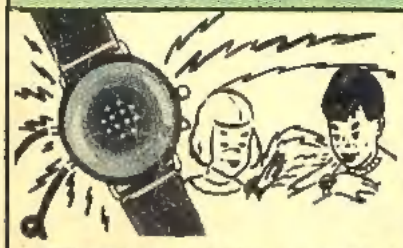
NICKELS TO DIMES

NO SKILL REQUIRED

5 VARIATIONS INCLUDED

Brass cover is placed on four nickels, a spectator removes the cover and four dimes are discovered. The nickels have apparently vanished into thin air. The brass cover may be examined. Many other startling effects can be performed.

No. 215 _____ 1.00



AMAZING WRIST RADIO

Wowee! A wrist radio like Dick Tracy's that really works. Imagine receiving regular broadcasts up to about 50 miles, and actually transmitting your voice over short distances when connected to another set. You wear it like a watch, but listen in like a radio. No batteries, no electricity, no tubes. Built in earphone and aerial.

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A necessary tool for the amateur magician and a good joke too. Plastic, 14 inches long with white tips and a black center. 5 exciting tricks—Rises, jumps, produces silk, etc.

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Sing, laugh, talk, crack jokes from another room and your voice will be reproduced thru the radio! Fool everybody into thinking it's coming right out of the radio. Easily attached to most standard radios. Made of handsome enameled metal 4 inches high.

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Place it on a chair under a cushion, then watch the fun when someone sits down! It gives forth embarrassing noises. Made of rubber, and inflatable. A scream at parties and gatherings.

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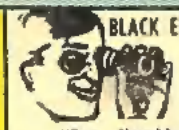
Pocket Size . . . Brings in stations up to 1000 miles away

Modern electronics makes this wonderful set possible. So small it will fit in a pocket. Everything is supplied for you. Easy to assemble in a few minutes with just a screw driver. No soldering required. Really powerful too. Announcements of stations up to 1000 miles away come in so loud and clear you'd think they were right near home. Learn many useful and important things about radio.

No. 205 _____ 3.98



BLACK EYE JOKE

"See Naughty Lady." They look and look and they blacken their eyes without knowing it.

No. 216..... Only 25¢

Costume Set Designed for Every Boy

Style 160H

Style 160H—For you he-men, we've got the newest, most exciting and tremendous play suit of its time. A complete Superman outfit in fine durable washable rayon gabardine. Outfit includes red cape with screened Superman figure, navy and red suit with gilt figure "S", and belt. Be first to get this wonderful outfit. Sizes 4-14. _____ 6.98

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